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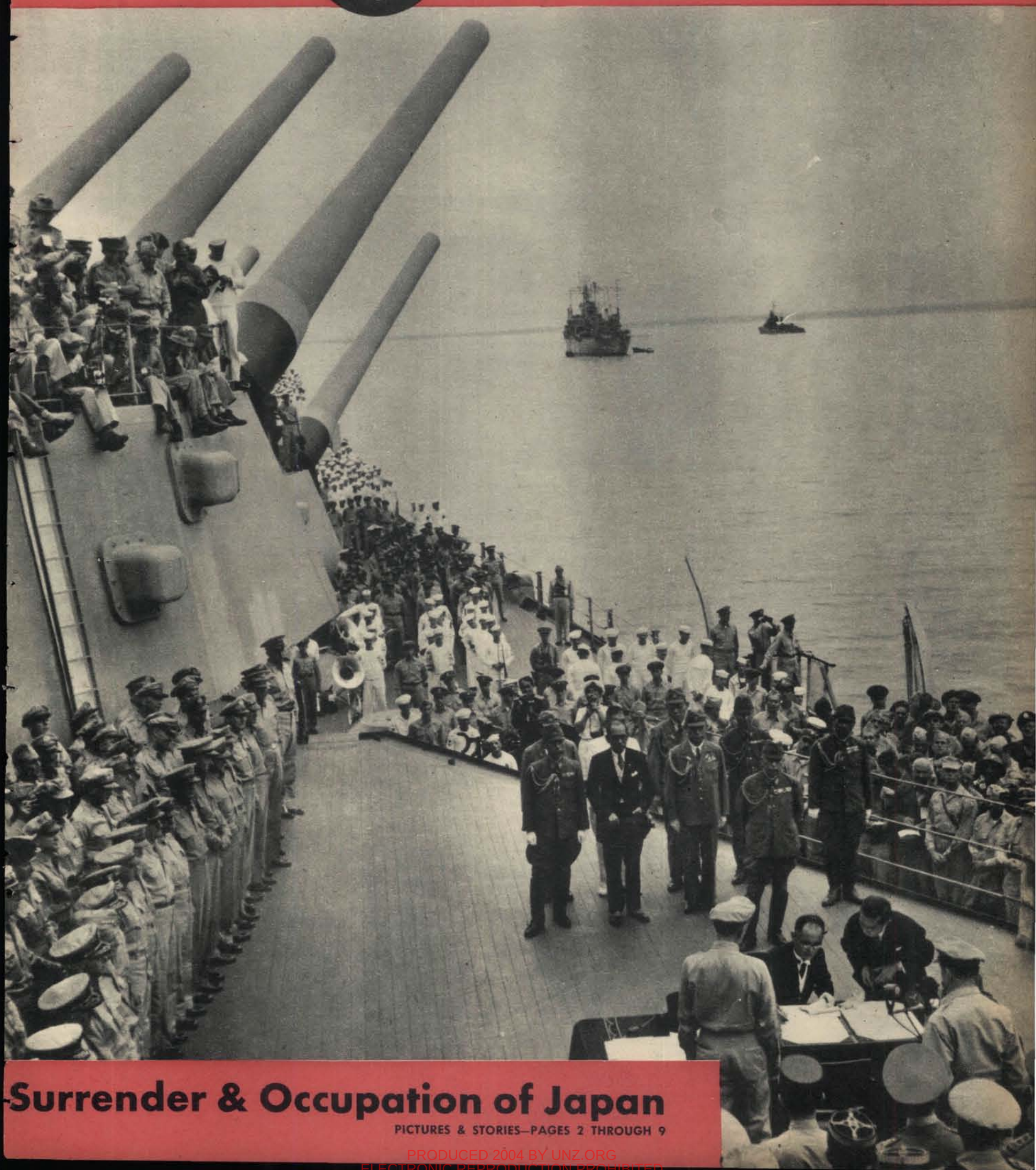
By and for men in the service



Surrender & Occupation of Japan

PICTURES & STORIES—PAGES 2 THROUGH 9

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Gen. MacArthur signs as Supreme Allied Commander. Lt. Gen. Jonathan Wainwright and Lt. Gen. A. E. Percival, British commander, stand behind.

GIs of the Fifth Airborne hoist the Stars and Stripes over Atsugi Airfield.

By Sgt. DALE KRAMER
YANK Staff Correspondent

ABOARD THE U.S.S. *MISSOURI*, TOKYO BAY—For a while it looked as though the proceedings would go off with almost unreasonable smoothness. Cameramen assigned to the formal surrender ceremonies aboard the battleship *Missouri* arrived on time and, although every inch of the turrets and housings and life rafts above the veranda deck where the signing was to take place was crowded, no one fell off and broke a collarbone.

The ceremonies themselves even started and were carried on according to schedule. It took a Canadian colonel to bring things back to normal by signing the surrender document on the wrong line.

No one had the heart to blame the colonel, though. A mere colonel was bound to get nervous around so much higher brass.

The other minor flaw in the ceremonial circus was that it was something of an anticlimax. Great historic events probably are always somewhat that way and this one, to those of us who had taken off three weeks before with the 11th Airborne Division from the Philippines, was even more so. We had started out thinking in terms of a sensational dash to the Emperor's palace in Tokyo, only to sweat it out on Okinawa and later off Yokohama.

When it did come, the signing aboard the *Missouri* was a show which lacked nothing in its staging. A cluster of microphones and a long table covered with a green cloth had been placed in the center of the deck. On the table lay the big ledger-size white documents of surrender bound in brown folders.

The assembly of brass and braid was a thing to see—a lake of gold and silver sparkling with rainbows of decorations and ribbons. British and Australian Army officers had scarlet stripes on their garrison caps and on their collars. The French were more conservative except for the acres of vivid decorations on their breasts. The stocky leader of the Russian delegation wore gold shoulder-boards and red-striped trousers. The Dutch had gold-looped shoulder emblems. The British admirals wore snow-white summer uniforms with shorts and knee-length white stock-

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SURRENDER

Gen. MacArthur and Lt. Gen. Sutherland watch Gen. Yoshira Umezu sign for Japanese Imperial General Headquarters on board the Missouri

ings. The olive-drab of the Chinese was plain except for ribbons. The least decked-out of all were the Americans. Their hats, except for Adm. Halsey's go-to-hell cap, were gold-braided, but their uniforms were plain sun-tan. Navy regulations do not permit wearing ribbons or decorations on a shirt.

Lack of time prevented piping anyone over the side, and when Gen. MacArthur, Supreme Commander for the Allied powers, came aboard he strode quickly across the veranda deck and disappeared inside the ship. Like the other American officers, he wore plain sun-tans. A few minutes later, a gig flying the American flag and operated by white-clad American sailors putted around the bow of the ship. In the gig, wearing formal diplomatic morning attire, consisting of black cutaway coat, striped pants and stovepipe hat, sat Foreign Minister Namoru Shigemitsu, leader of the Japanese delegation.

Coming up the gangway, Shigemitsu climbed very slowly because of a stiff left leg, and he limped onto the veranda deck with the aid of a heavy light-colored cane. Behind him came 10 other Japs. One wore a white suit; two more wore formal morning attire; the rest were dressed in pieced-out uniforms of the Jap Army and Navy. They gathered into three rows on the forward side of the green-covered table. The representatives of the Allied powers formed on the other side. When they were arranged, Gen. MacArthur entered and stepped to the microphone.

His words rolled sonorously: "We are gathered here, representatives of the major warring powers, to conclude a solemn agreement whereby peace may be restored." He emphasized the necessity that both victors and vanquished rise to a greater dignity in order that the world may emerge forever from blood and carnage. He declared his firm intention as Supreme Commander to "discharge my responsibility with justice and tolerance while taking all necessary dispositions to insure that the terms of surrender are fully, promptly and faithfully complied with."

The Japanese stood at attention during the short address, their faces grave but otherwise showing little emotion. When the representatives of the Emperor were invited to sign, Foreign Minister Shigemitsu hobbled forward, laid aside his silk hat and cane, and lowered himself slowly

Signed at TOKYO BAY, JAPAN at 0904 7
on the SECOND day of SEPTEMBER, 1945.

重光葵

By Command and in behalf of the Emperor of Japan and the Japanese Government

梅津美治郎

By Command and in behalf of the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters

Accepted at TOKYO BAY, JAPAN at 0908 7
on the SECOND day of SEPTEMBER, 1945,
for the United States, Republic of China, United Kingdom and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and in the interests of the other United Nations at war with Japan.

Douglas MacArthur
Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers

C. W. Nimitz
United States Representative

徐永昌
Republic of China Representative

Bruce Fraser
United Kingdom Representative

Union of Soviet Socialist Republics Representative

T. A. Blamey
Commonwealth of Australia Representative

Dominion of Canada Representative

Provisional Government of the French Republic Representative

Kingdom of the Netherlands Representative

Dominion of New Zealand Representative

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Jap soldiers march past American occupation forces on Atsugi Airfield. Advance elements expected trouble but were met by docile Jap officials and soldiers.

into a chair. The wind whipped his thin, dark hair as he reached into his pocket for a pen, tested it, then affixed three large Japanese characters to the first of the documents. He had to rise and bend over the table for the others.

The audience was conscious of the historic importance of the pen strokes, but it watched for something else, too. Gen. MacArthur had promised to present Gen. Wainwright, who had surrendered the American forces at Corregidor and until only a few days before had been a prisoner of war, with the first pen to sign the surrender. Shigemitsu finished and closed his pen and replaced it in his pocket. There could be no objection. He had needed a brush-pen for the Japanese letters.

When the big surrender folders were turned around on the table, Gen. MacArthur came forward to affix his signature as Supreme Commander. He asked Gen. Wainwright and Gen. Percival, who had surrendered the British forces at Singapore, to accompany him. Gen. MacArthur signed the first document and handed the pen to Gen. Wainwright. He used five pens in all, ending up with one from his own pocket.

Sailors have been as avid souvenir collectors in this war as anyone else, but when Adm. Nimitz sat down to sign for the U. S. he used only two pens. After that the representatives of China, the United Kingdom, Russia, Australia, Canada, France, the Netherlands and New Zealand put down their signatures.

As the big leather document folders were gathered a GI member of a sound unit recorded a few historic remarks of his own. "Brother," he said, "I hope those are my discharge papers."

Reception at Atsugi

By Sgt. KNOX BURGER
YANK Staff Correspondent

ATSUGI AIRFIELD, JAPAN—It was an uneventful reception. C-54s carrying elements of the 11th Airborne Division were coming in low over the coast of Japan in history's gentlest invasion. The narrow beaches, probably the very stretches of sand we would have stormed, were gray and empty. Crowding the beaches were hills and fields, very green and rolling gracefully out from the base of a range of eroded mountains. The fields were thick with rice shoots; from the air they looked like soft flat carpets. Here and there were clumps of trees—willows, evergreens, maples and cherry. Hedges laced the rice paddies. Houses with thatched roofs were built close to the dirt roads. Most of the people walking along the roads carried heavy bundles or pulled carts. They didn't bother to look at the planes.

Atsugi Airfield looked more like the Indiana Country Fair. Two long dirt runways were in the center of some feebly camouflaged hangars and ramshackle barracks. Graveyard-wrecked Jap planes, glinting silver where their green paint jobs had worn off, lay like broken toys at one end of the field, having careened over on their wingtips and noses.

Waiting to meet the ships were members of the 63rd Airdrome Squad and the 21st Air Freight Transport, who had arrived on D-minus-2 to ready the field.

These advance elements had expected to be massacred. Instead, they had been greeted by docile Jap officials, plus a few enthusiastic Russians who had apparently stayed in nearby Tokyo after their government's entry into the war.

Hundreds of square old Jap trucks stood at one end of the runway lined up at close intervals and hundreds of cars were in a big open field at the other end. It looked like the parking lot outside a college football stadium around 1938.

The baggage was piling up in front of the hangars, and troops heavy with packs were climbing into trucks. Jap interpreters, dressed in uniforms or suits or parts of each, stood around in nervous little groups. They had on yellow armbands to denote their calling. Like the Jap truck drivers and work parties, they tried to be impassive. One skinny interpreter wore a faded uniform of black crepe from which dangled bits of dirty gold braid. He looked like a cross between a scarecrow and a kid at a costume party.

On the far side of the field, around the administration buildings, stood armed Jap soldiers. They saluted every American who happened to come within 100 yards of them. Black-uniformed cops, carrying small sabers in silver scabbards, guarded the roads, looking sinister and self-important. A squad of Jap soldiers lay on thin, straw mats in a car-barn off one corner of the field. Their shirts were off, but they wore leggings. The squad's lieutenant lay on his back, his feet up against his buttocks, making nervous wavy movements with his knees.

The barracks and administration buildings were weatherbeaten and somber. They had a bleak look that indicated they had been left to sag in rain and sun. Here and there a hangar roof had been burned off—or maybe never put on.

The D-minus-2 men were housed in a big barracks. The Jap Government had supplied them with the services of some waiters from Tokyo's Imperial Hotel. The atmosphere was practically lousy with the quiet selflessness that characterizes the breed of good waiters all over the world. "Hail the conquering hero," said one GI as he snapped his fingers for more ice-water.

American soldiers stood around and cracked about the broken-down automobiles. "I understand Henry Ford is coming over to get the cars out of the ditches by Christmas," a corporal remarked drily. The MPs didn't like to let the ancient vehicles cross the field because of their tendency to fall apart in the middle of the runways.

In a deserted "shadow factory" dug into the side of the hill next to the field someone found a tissue-paper blueprint; it was a design for a homemade air-raid shelter. Standing on the roads that criss-crossed the barracks area beside the field, you could feel the ground tremble as trucks rumbled past. Underneath was a huge network of electric-lighted tunnels where the Japs had set up a complete machine shop.

As MacArthur's entourage pulled out from the field a car loaded with Jap officials broke down. An officer squatted on the fender and peered under the hood, his *Samurai* sword dangling grotesquely between his knees. Other Japs stood by helplessly while a truckload of GIs wheeled past.

"Why don't you trade that sword in on a screwdriver?" called one GI.

GIs of the 188th Parachute Infantry pile into trucks as fast as they can unload from the C-54 transports landing them on Atsugi Airfield outside Yokohama, Japan.

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A GI eye-witness report on metropolitan landmarks of the air campaign that brought Japan to her knees—Nagasaki, where the second atomic bomb fell, Tokyo, gutted by incendiaries, Hiroshima, where the first atomic bomb leveled 4 square miles.

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

IN A B-17 OVER NAGASAKI—Looking down on the vast stretches of level reddish-brown earth that used to be the smoky and crowded industrial section of this big steel city, you can understand why Japan decided to quit the war a few hours after the second American atomic bomb landed here on Aug. 9.

The heart of the city of Nagasaki was squeezed empty by the flash of the bomb, which threw out heat waves estimated by some scientists at 3,600,000,000° F. And even from the windows of this Fortress, as it soars unmolested over the remaining rooftops and dips down to 25 feet above the water along the shipyards and docks, you get the impression that the hearts of the people of Nagasaki are empty, too. A few of them on the streets and at the ferryboat terminal pause to look up at the plane. But most of them just keep on walking, paying no attention. Seemingly they wouldn't give a damn one way or another if 10,000 American planes came over and buzzed their homes.

A popular GI opinion concerning the atomic-bombed cities has been that no American soldier, especially a soldier from the American Army Air Forces, would be able to set foot near Nagasaki or Hiroshima for the next 20 years. They were saying how people here must be filled with bitter longing for vengeance and how they would surely tear to bits any American they could get their hands on. We won't know for sure until we go into Nagasaki on foot, but it doesn't seem that way from our 200- and sometimes 100-foot altitudes. Ours is one of the first unarmed American planes to fly over Japan and at these low altitudes we'd make a nice target for any kind of firearms. But we haven't seen anything below beyond docile indifference.

Eight miles down the bay from Nagasaki there's an Allied PW camp on a small island called Koyagi Shima. Capt. Mark Magnan of Milwaukee, a veteran ETO combat pilot who was flying the *Headliner*, our Fortress, buzzed low over this camp several times while T/Sgt. Jack Goetz of Fayetteville, Pa., engineer, and S/Sgt. George A. Kilzer of Richardton, N. D., tossed 10-in-1 rations out the rear door. The prisoners had rigged up British, American, Chinese and Dutch flags on their buildings and were scattered outside the enclosure, apparently unguarded. If the people of Nagasaki had been filled with bitter hatred of their enemies after the atomic bombing, it seems logical that they

3 BEATEN CITIES

This is what was left of the industrial city of Nagasaki after the atomic bomb hit it.

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would have stormed every nearby PW camp and lynched the inmates.

And every inch of Nagasaki wasn't completely demolished, either. This may have been a result of the geographical layout and the terrain of the city rather than because of any limitation of the atomic bomb. Nagasaki is divided in half by a bay and a river. Part of its residential and downtown section lies in a valley between two hills. The reddish-brown atomic destruction covers almost everything outside the valley but it apparently didn't get inside. About 40 or 50 percent of the town seemed to have been utterly demolished.

The destruction in Nagasaki looks nothing like the debris in Cassino or Leghorn. The strange thing here is the utter absence of rubble. You can see a couple of square miles of reddish-brown desolation with nothing left but the outlines of houses, a bit of wall here and half a chimney there. In this area you will see a road, and the road will be completely clean. It is too soon after the bombing for the Japs to have done any cleaning of the roads and you can't see a single brick or pile of broken plaster or lumber on any street or sidewalk in the town. Evidently the bomb blast demolishes the wreckage as well as the buildings themselves, just as the scientists say it does.

The bomb blast does strange things. Like that of the V-1s in London last year, it sweeps an area but skips some buildings there altogether. Here and there in the middle of the leveled section of town we could see factories standing alone and looking like hollow boxes, with their roofs, doors and windows gone but with four concrete or stone walls still up. Most of the bridges across the river that divides Nagasaki are still intact. So are the railroad tracks spiderwebbing its good-sized freight yard. According to reports, most of the railroad cars came into Nagasaki from other parts of Japan with relief supplies after the atomic bombing, and it is obvious that they wouldn't have been able to make it if the blast had destroyed the tracks they had to travel on.

The atomic blast spread out over plenty of distance where it wasn't halted by hills or water. We could see fields far on the town's outskirts burned brown.

The Mitsubishi Steel and Arms Works, the same thing to Nagasaki that Jones & Laughlin or U. S. Steel are to Pittsburgh, won't be paying a dividend to its stockholders. Some of its buildings are mere twisted piles of girders. Others are not around any more.

Flying over Nagasaki, as we did for a full half-hour, circling roof tops and diving so low that you could see clearly the faces of its people, you get a much more convincing impression of the power and the finality of the atomic bomb than you can get from any photos that have been taken to date. The great empty areas, covering so many square miles of city blocks, almost take your breath away when you first see them. The thing that hits you is not the terrific bomb damage but the terrific nothingness. It's a tough job to describe in writing what Nagasaki looks like today because there's nothing much to describe.

More than anything else, Nagasaki looks right now exactly like the place the war ended.

In the Ginza district, Tokyo's equivalent of Fifth Avenue, only a few big stores were left intact.

TOKYO—Driving from Yokohama to Tokyo is about the same as driving into New York City from Newark, N. J. You pass through flat, marshy country filled with big factories and industrial towns that are like Kearny and Bayonne and Elizabeth and Jersey City.

To complete the comparison there is an electric railway from Yokohama to Tokyo with overhead trolley wires and the same kind of cars that the Pennsylvania Railroad provides for its Jersey commuters. You keep expecting to see a billboard announcing the rates for rooms at the Hotel New Yorker or advising you to get tickets at once for "Life With Father." But unlike the Jersey flats, these Tokyo suburbs, which were jammed with factory-workers' houses before Maj. Gen. Curtis LeMay and his men started their devastating series of low-level incendiary-bombing raids last March, are now in burned ruins. The ruins do not look like those of the bombed cities of Europe, which were mostly heavy-explosive, demolition jobs that left piles of broken bricks and plaster and twisted beams. On the road to Tokyo some of the big industrial plants still stand, windowless and charred inside, but the houses and other smaller buildings are flat on the ground and their

A Jap cameraman awaits MacArthur's arrival.

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remains are burned to almost nothing. You see a bit of machinery or a chimney here and there, and every 50 yards or so a cast-iron or steel safe, probably with a roll of bank notes and the bookkeeper's ledger still inside it.

As you bounce your way into South Tokyo, the concrete highways in Japan give you the feeling that they haven't been repaired in five years. There are increasingly more signs of bomb destruction. Jap families have gone back into the ruins of their homes and made little shacks out of the pieces of sheet metal and slabs of blackened wood, and you get the impression that you're driving through a hobo jungle. Whole families peer out as you pass, and a little boy grins and salutes. On the edge of Tokyo a man and a woman who have evidently heard that the war is over are busy with shovels filling a bomb shelter.

DOWNTOWN Tokyo looks badly beaten. Along the *Ginza*, which is the Japanese Fifth Avenue, every other building is either burned to the ground or wrecked inside. A lot of the department stores and smart shops have English and French signs over their doors. The Brett Pharmacy looks like a typical American super-drugstore, but only its front is standing. There is nothing inside except a stream of water bubbling up from a broken pipe where a soda fountain may have been.

The few large stores which are still intact are swanky ones with indirect lighting and subdued color schemes. Their display windows are covered with heavy, brown, corrugated metal screens and they haven't much to sell. The entertainment and night-club district has also been hard hit. A few of the movie houses are still operating and there are long lines of people outside them waiting to buy tickets. There are lines outside the newspaper offices, too. The press runs of the afternoon editions are small, and it's first come, first served.

The section of Tokyo which suffered most from the punishment handed out by the B-29s was Asakusa Ku, a residential section with a population of 140,000 per square mile. Probably it was the most thickly populated city district in the world. There is hardly anything left of it today.

Our official estimate of the bomb damage in Tokyo is 52 percent of the city. Air Force Intelligence officers visiting Tokyo now think the percentage is really higher than that. A great many buildings which showed up as undamaged on our aerial photographs are destroyed and useless. The bombing here, of course, was all incendiary work and the targets were whole areas of the city rather than individual buildings. The idea was to get small shops and factories—optical, electrical, tool-making and precision-instrument plants that the Japanese war effort depended on heavily but that could not be attacked individually.

Tokyo looks as though the Strategic Air Forces carried out the idea almost to perfection. You can see evidence of the people's fear of the Superforts everywhere. No city in Europe ever dug as many bomb shelters as this one. Every sidewalk is lined with them. They are shallow affairs, with cement walls and two entrances.

There isn't much traffic on the streets except for dilapidated Army trucks, a few busses and overloaded streetcars and, of course, bicycles. The few people who remain look down-at-the-heel and shabby. Their clothes need cleaning, and only a few of them have leather shoes. Practically all the men and women wear clumsy wooden slippers that clack on the pavement. Most of them look as though they have not been eating regularly. I haven't yet seen a fat person in Tokyo. The women, who wear baggy pants, look well padded but shapeless, as though they were carrying more layers of cotton than flesh.

The people of Tokyo are taking the arrival of the first few Americans with impeccable Japanese calm. Sometimes they turn and look at us twice, but they have shown no emotion towards us except a mild curiosity and occasional amusement. They don't seem to be trying to sell us a bill of goods, as the Germans did after VE-Day. They are still proud and a little bit superior. They know they lost the war, but they are not apologizing for it. In general, their attitude seems to be: The war is over and you won, now you go on about your business and we will take care of ourselves. We don't need any help from you.

The higher-ranking Army officers, wearing their long *Samurai* swords and high tan boots, look at the Americans coldly and cross to the other side of the street to avoid walking near them. The Japanese enlisted men stare at us with their mouths a little bit open, but without fear or anger.

The Japs are great umbrella carriers. It was drizzling the first couple of days we were in Tokyo and, without doing it noticeably, the Jap girls and older women would maneuver their umbrellas so that when they passed us on the street their faces would be hidden from us. Nobody here wants to have much to do with us. It looks as if there will be no fraternization problem in Japan. It also looks as if we will have no trouble from the Japs. They do a wonderful job of hiding their feelings. I have not seen a single Jap anywhere in Tokyo making any kind of an angry or unfriendly gesture or facial expression.

When we come near to what we think is an average Jap, it is hard to tell yet exactly what he feels about the future and about the way the war turned out for him, because the average Jap speaks no English. The English-speaking Japs are not average Japs. They are people who have lived abroad and who are better educated than the rank-and-file.

One of the English-speaking Japs I talked with in Tokyo was a newspaperman who said that he and most of the other intelligent people in Japan knew for more than a year that Japan was going to lose the war. The suddenness of the ending came as a big surprise to him, however; he said that everybody expected it to last another year. I asked him about the reports I had heard in Guam and Okinawa about the people in Tokyo dancing and singing in the streets with joy when the news of the surrender came. He said that the reaction was just the opposite. Instead of singing, most of the people were crying. For an hour or so, he added, they were excited and sorrowful. After that, they gained control of their feelings.

I asked how much the people knew about the war and if it were true that many of them thought the Japs were fighting in California. He said that nobody here ever believed that their troops had invaded the U. S. and that the Jap Government had never spread such an impression. "But," he added, a little proudly, "we shelled your California coast from a submarine early in the war, didn't we?" Then he mentioned the Jap diplomats who conferred with Cordell Hull while Pearl Harbor was being attacked. He seemed to think it was a big joke.

"Do you know that you could have invaded Hawaii easily after that attack on Pearl Harbor?" I asked him. "Our defenses there were not strong. Our defenses in California were not strong, either, in 1941. You could have invaded there. Why didn't you do it?"

He shrugged his shoulders: "The lines of supply would have been too long for us to maintain."

"If the lines of supply were too long for you to maintain, why did you go to war against us?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders again, and we changed the subject. He told me that he had been to Hiroshima a few days ago to visit relatives and found them all dead from the atomic bombing. "There is absolutely nothing left in Hiroshima," he said, and he wanted to know if it was true that the soil there would be barren for the next 70 years because of radioactivity.

HE asked how much press censorship we had in the U. S. during the war. When I told him that anybody could criticize the war effort in the newspapers and that the press quoted opponents of our administration, he was amazed, although he admitted he had heard such was the case. "That's what we hope to be able to do here in Japan now that the war is over," he added. When I told him that a number of American war correspondents in the Pacific were considering nominating the Domei News Agency for a Pulitzer journalism prize because it had scooped the world on the Jap surrender, he laughed. Then I showed him some pictures in YANK of the terrific construction job that the Army Engineers and Seabees had done in the Marianas during the past year and told him that they were now doing the same thing in Okinawa. He was hardly able to believe it. "Japan doesn't have equipment for such work," he said.

As a matter of fact, most of the GIs who arrived here with the early occupation forces can't get over the lack of transportation and engineering equipment in Japan and the poor quality of the little rolling stock that is available. There are quite a few good American cars—Fords, Studebakers and Buicks — but the Japs have ruined them with poor fuel and bad mechanics. I rode from Yokohama to Tokyo in an antique passenger bus, a sort of motorized Toonerville Trolley with creaking, blue-plush seats. Every two miles or so the driver had to climb out to clear the gas-line.

GIs who have been looking forward to a good time in Tokyo are in for a big disappointment. The town hasn't much to offer. It is too thoroughly burned out to have much excitement or entertainment, and the people are in no mood to give any American a warm welcome. There isn't much to drink except beer, and in most places they don't sell even that in the daytime. *Sake* is rationed.

The food is pretty bad. The Japanese serve canned salmon and canned sardines morning, noon and night, generally with cold potato salad and in a very tasteless fashion. The bread isn't good and the eggs are powdered. The day I arrived here I had lunch at the Imperial Hotel, the best hotel in Tokyo. The meal started with a thick soup made out of barley or some other kind of grain. Then there was a piece of salmon fried in a batter of brown gravy which did not exactly make me smack my lips in glee. Then came a dish with a little boiled cabbage and a lot of things that looked like boiled scallions on it. These turned out to be little pieces of soggy dough. Finally there was a glass of hot tea that didn't taste like tea. The whole meal cost only 30 cents in American money, but it wasn't worth 15.

IF you are lucky enough to find a room in Tokyo, you soon discover that the bed is as hard as a rock. The pillow is a thing shaped like a loaf of bread and filled with something that feels like gravel. They don't have screens on most of the windows and Japan, at this time of the year, is full of mosquitoes and various other kinds of bugs. The bathrooms are really something. They do not have toilets as we know them; just porcelain holes in the floor. They don't have showers or the kind of tubs we use in the States. Instead, each bathroom contains four stone tubs. The first tub is filled with warm water; you get into it and lather and wash off. The next has cold water; you get into it and shiver. Then you dip yourself in the third tub, which has more warm water, and finally you finish off in the fourth, which is cold again.

Tokyo, like every place we've been in Japan so far, is dull, drab and depressing. The first afternoon I was here I went to have a look at the Emperor's palace. It is beautifully laid out in the center of a huge park, but you can't actually see the palace itself. A moat and a high stone wall separate the palace compound from the rest of the world and there is another moat inside the first one that separates the palace from the rest of the palace compound. It is forbidden to drive a vehicle even near the first moat; you have to get out a quarter of a mile away and walk to it. When you get there guards won't let you cross it, but they'll let you stand around. All day long Japs keep coming to the entrance to the palace grounds, alone or in pairs or sometimes in family groups. They stand silently for a few moments facing the Emperor's quarters and then they bow down in prayer. After that, they put on their hats and walk away.

The day I was there a Buddhist priest wearing yellow robes was facing the palace, beating on a drum. Two officers in the Jap Army came up and stood rigidly at attention, gazing in the same direction. Then they bent from the waist, prayed, and snapped a salute. Before leaving, one of the officers turned and looked at me. His face showed nothing, but it was easy to see that he hated my guts and thought it a sacrilege for an American to be so close to the Emperor's presence.

An elderly man with a girl in her 'twenties, maybe his daughter, came up nearby. The girl knelt and leaned forward until her face touched the ground. The old man bent over respectfully and prayed for a few moments while the girl still crouched on the ground. Then the man put on his hat and came over to me, smiling. "You are from Baltimore?" he asked. I told him I wasn't and explained where I came from in the States. "I have been in Baltimore and New York and Chicago many years now," he said. "Well, the war, it is over now and we are no longer enemies. Let us hope we can forget it. There is no need of talking about it."

Just then a B-29 on a sightseeing tour roared low over the palace grounds. The old man looked up at it. "We were wrong," he said. "Yes, we were very wrong."

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HIROSHIMA

Two Japanese civilians walk on a road cleared through the dead ruins of Hiroshima. For four square miles the city was left in total destruction by the atomic bomb.

HIROSHIMA—In the bombed-out cities of Europe there were always plenty of eyewitnesses who were only too eager to tell you exactly how it was the day their house fell in. It wasn't like that in Hiroshima when I came here with the first group of Americans to enter the city since it was almost completely destroyed by our atomic bomb on Aug. 6. For the first two hours, as we walked through the utterly demolished downtown section, we couldn't find a single Jap on the streets who had been here when the bomb landed. Practically all eyewitnesses seemed to be dead or in the hospital.

"I knew lots of Hiroshima people, but only one of my friends survived safely," said the Japanese naval officer who acted as our interpreter. "He was at work in the second floor of a building. He fell through to the basement. Everybody else in the building was killed or injured, but he wasn't hurt."

The scarcity of healthy survivors gives some idea what our first and most effective atomic bomb did when it struck Japan. There's no doubt when you look at it that Hiroshima is the greatest man-made disaster in the history of the world.

You can stand at its center and for four square miles around there is nothing but total destruction. The only things left standing are a few concrete-reinforced buildings, with their insides charred and ruined, an occasional bare chimney, and trees with every limb and every leaf torn off.

The fire engines that the city needed so badly are still standing in the fire station, their radiators folded inward like accordions and their mechanisms scattered on the floor.

The hospital which people tried to reach is a hollow, blackened shell.

In parts of the outskirts the smell of the dead under the debris is unbearable. In the center of the town there are not enough ruins to hide a corpse. Everything is level ashes.

We found that the few surviving Japs who had been in Hiroshima the day the bomb fell became inarticulate when we asked them to describe what they had seen and done during the blast and during the few hours that followed the explosions. In reply to our questions, they would just stare at the ceiling and stare at the floor. Then they would make a helpless gesture with their hands and say things like, "The town was in the worst condition you can consider," or, "It was terrible beyond imagination." Evidently the people in Hiroshima were too shaken and too stunned to notice much about what they were doing or what was going on around them that morning of Aug. 6.

One of the Japs we talked to was a Government official named Hirokuni Dazai, a little fellow with a bandaged head who described his job as Commissioner of Public Thought Control in the Hiroshima district. Dazai returned to Hiroshima from a trip to Tokyo only 40 minutes before the bomb fell. There had been an air-raid alarm shortly before 8 o'clock that morning, but Dazai

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Hirokuni Dazai, Hiroshima survivor, tells his story.

doesn't remember seeing or hearing any planes overhead. The all-clear signal sounded about five minutes past eight and the people came out of the shelters and started home to have their breakfast. Dazai was standing in front of his house between ten minutes and a quarter past eight when he saw a light moving across the sky.

"It looked like some sort of electric flash," he told us. "It was arc-shaped and bright orange." Then he was knocked to the ground by a wave of concussion. His house shook and fell apart, some of the rubble landing on top of him. That's how he got the bandage on his head. He picked himself off the ground and got his wife and two children out of the ruins. His wife had been knocked out but she came to quickly. The children were unhurt.

"Our house did not start to burn immediately," Dazai said, "but I saw great towers of black smoke advancing toward me across the city from the east, south and north."

Dazai took his wife and children to the home of a relative two kilometers away and tried to get downtown to his office, but the heat of the fire there was too overpowering. He wasn't able to go near his office until after 4 o'clock that afternoon.

The whole city burned steadily for the next two days. Dazai and other officials found relief work almost impossible, since the fire-fighting equipment and the hospitals were destroyed and almost every telegraph pole and wire was flat on the ground. Finally, the Government managed to get some help and supplies up the river by boat to Hiroshima but it wasn't enough.

Later, the trains came into the town. We noticed that there, as in Nagasaki, railroad tracks and bridges had been completely undamaged by the atomic blast. Evidently it doesn't affect things close to the ground.

We asked Dazai how many bombs he thought we'd dropped on Hiroshima. He said at first he thought the city was hit by several hundred but shortly after the blast, when he saw the whole area in burning ruins, he thought it was some new variety of "aerial torpedo." One thing that baffled him and other Japs with whom we talked and who had experienced the bombing, was the complete absence of noise in Hiroshima before and after the bomb landed. One Jap said he was deaf for a week afterward from concussion, but heard no explosion. The Japs at the naval base in Kuri about 12 miles away, however, say they heard a terrific roar. Vice-Adm. Masao Kanazawa said the effect in Kuri was like a tornado. There was "a great wind," he said, and trees around the naval base were bent to the ground by it.

The Japs who went to Manila to arrange the peace signing said their dead at Hiroshima numbered 11,000. That was a great understatement. Reading figures to us from his black notebook, Dazai estimated that the Hiroshima dead so far number around 80,000.

Hiroshima was made to order for effective atomic bombing. It is built on a river delta like New Orleans, and it is as flat as a billiard table. There are none of the hills that protected part of Nagasaki from the blast of our second atomic bomb. Hiroshima was a new and modern city, the home of many Japanese who had lived in the States and had brought back with them American ideas about houses and gardens. It had a population of 343,000 in the 1940 census. Now the population is about 120,000. Most of the residents who are injured or sick as a result of the bombing are living in battered and misshapen houses on the edges of the city.

Dazai said that when the Japs took the first count of the Hiroshima casualties on Aug. 20 there were 3,000 known dead and 30,000 missing persons who had been given up for dead. There were 13,960 "seriously wounded" and 43,500 injured. On Sept. 1 the toll of known dead was up to 53,000.

Japanese doctors who have been attending Hiroshima casualties say that a lot of the weird stories about the effects of the atomic bombings on the civilian population are apparently true. They say that people who were only slightly wounded when the bomb fell and some others who didn't enter Hiroshima until a few hours after the bombing have died from loss of white blood corpuscles. The effect of the atomic bomb as far as they have been able to determine is about the same as over-exposure to the rays of a very powerful X-ray machine. Sufferers, say the Japanese doctors, develop a temperature of around 105°; their hair begins to fall out and they feel ill and vomit blood.

The first thing these Japanese doctors asked was if the Americans who had designed the bomb had also figured out a cure for its after-effects on the human body. So far, the Japanese have found no way of restoring the normal count of white corpuscles. They are trying transfusions, but these seem to have no effect on whatever is destroying the white corpuscles. The corpuscles added to the blood stream by a transfusion are quickly eaten up. We told the Japs that a group of American scientists were coming to Hiroshima soon to study the radioactive effects of the bomb on people and the area.

The doctors also say that the severely blistering X-ray-like burns are generally found only on the side of the body which faced the atomic blast. They say two men were fencing in Hiroshima the morning the bomb exploded. One of these was facing the direction of the blast and died almost immediately. The other, burned only on the back of the neck, lived for a week.

The native doctors also say that clothing serves as protection against atomic burns. People wearing thick undershirts didn't get it as badly as those who had on only a kimono or a shirt. There was a strong rumor, both among Jap civilians here and among GIs back in the Philippines, Okinawa and the Marianas, that anybody even walking into the atomic-bombed area a week or more after would be sterilized by the radioactivity in the soil. Jap doctors haven't had time to check that one yet. They think the victims who were exposed to the bombing itself may not be able to reproduce again, but they don't know for sure. Nor do they know yet how long it will be before Hiroshima will be an absolutely healthful place to live in. Some scientific writer back in the States said recently that Hiroshima's soil would be barren and radioactive for the next 70 years. One Jap doctor says this is the malarkey. He made tests of the soil in Hiroshima a few weeks ago and found no radioactivity in it.

Walking into Hiroshima in broad daylight, wearing an American uniform and knowing that you were one of the first Americans the people in the utterly ruined city had laid eyes on since the bombing, was not a comfortable feeling. I couldn't help wondering what would have happened to me if I'd been a Jap entering Brooklyn after Japan had dropped an atomic bomb, or, for that matter, any kind of bomb, on Flatbush. I was accompanied by the crew of a B-17, who were wearing Air Force insignia all over themselves like an Irishman wears green on St. Patrick's Day, and that didn't help matters. But the Hiroshima Japs—men, women and children—gave us exactly the same treatment we got in Yokohama, Tokyo, Kuri and all the other Jap towns we have visited—the same prolonged, unabashed, curious stares unmixed with any expression either of hatred or welcome.

All through Hiroshima we've passed close to men and women pointing at ashes that evidently used to be homes of relatives or friends. We've seen them at the wrecked police station trying to locate missing people and walking toward their shrines to pray. I noticed one woman leaning over a water faucet, the only thing left of her home, filling a pan to wash some clothes. There was no wreckage around her, no broken walls or glassless windows. Just the water pipe, with the faucet on the end of it, sticking up out of the ashes. "I don't feel sorry for these people," said a GI with me. "It's tough on them, sure, but it saved lots of guys' lives."

One of the Jap Navy officers acting as our interpreter was born in Sacramento, Calif. We asked him if the people in this part of Japan accepted the atomic bomb as one of the misfortunes of war and held no particular resentment against us for it. Or, we asked, do they hate us?

The officer studied his boots and then peered quizzically through his tortoise-rimmed glasses.

"They hate you," he said.

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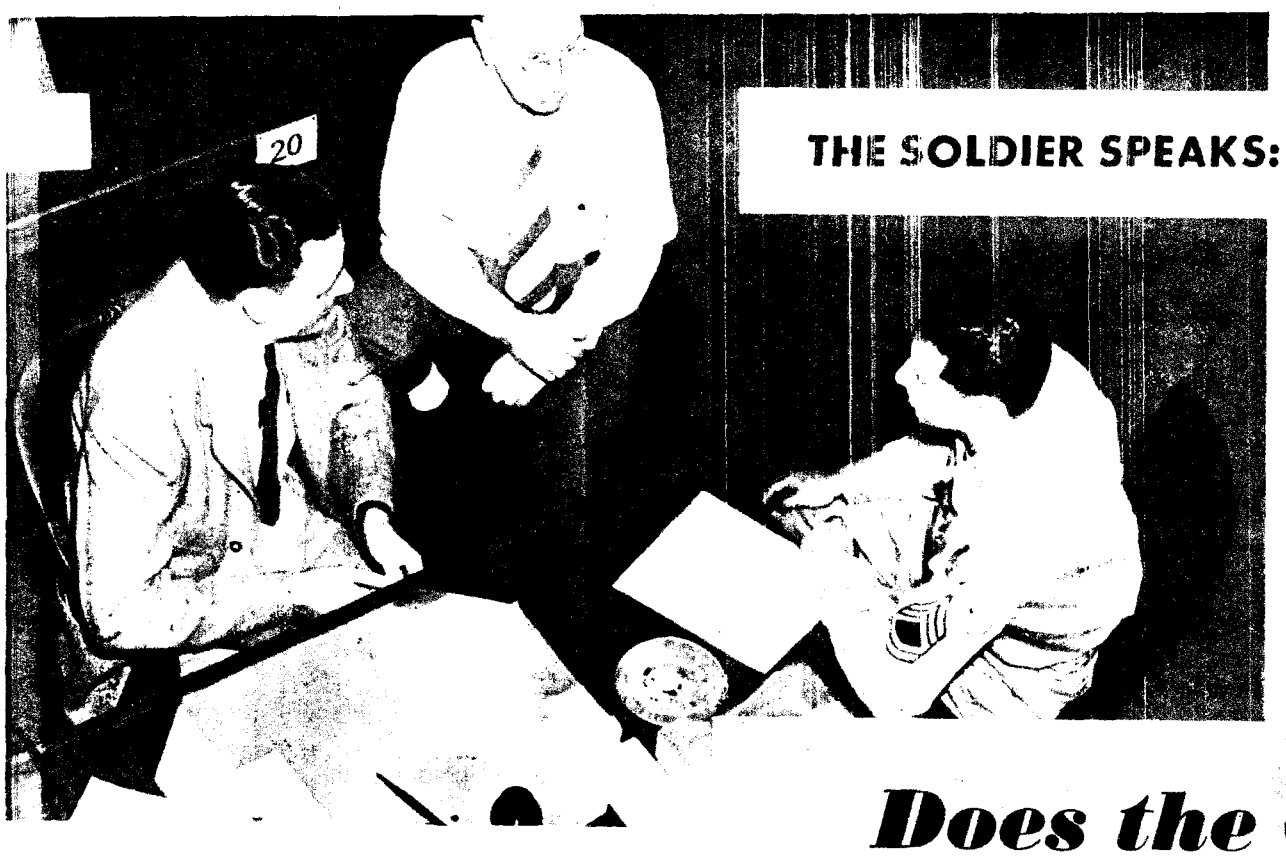

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

Does the GI Bill of Rights Need Any Changes?

A Mirage

IN my opinion the Bill is like the mirage of a water hole seen by a dying man in the desert. He crawls off to drink and finds it has disappeared. I'm afraid much the same thing happens when we go to drink in the benefits of the Bill. Sure, a serviceman can get credit or a loan, but before he gets it his credit risk will be evaluated in the cold light of sound business, and if it isn't a good risk, no credit. Heck, we can do that without the GI Bill. Sure, a fellow with a wife and family can apply for additional college training. But how is the *average* person going to support his family on the $75 a month he will be given? After being in the Army for three or more years he no longer has the financial reserve to cushion him for another year or more of readjustment.

The GI Bill should give us the means to support us during this schooling or provide for adjusted service compensation to tide us through. Furthermore, the Government should assume the interest on loans it guarantees, lest the burden be too heavy to be of value. (The total cost is negligible when compared with the cost of war, which is a much less valuable contribution to society.)

Ft. Devens, Mass. —T-4 HENRY SCHEIER

Educational Benefits

The requirement in the educational section of the Bill that the soldier start his schooling not later than two years after his discharge or the end of the war, whichever is later, is unwise. This would have the effect of sending those vets who want educational aid off to school all at once and later dumping them on the labor market at the same time. It would be better to spread out the educational benefits over a long period of time. This would help soldiers who want to get jobs after their discharge in order to settle their families. They would feel encouraged to know that they could take advantage of the educational benefits later on.

I believe also that a GI should be entitled to a full education regardless of the age at which he entered the service, and regardless of whether his education was interrupted or interfered with by his induction. Many older men were obliged to go into work which they didn't particularly care for before induction, through the sheer necessity of making a living. Broadening the base of the educational section in this way would be a lifesaver to some of them and might permit them to make a new start.

AAF Base Unit, Hyde Park, N. Y. —S/Sgt. HENRY LEFER

The GI a Good Risk

As the flood of dischargees is finding out, the GI Bill of Rights now provides nothing for the average GI and benefits only those who are well enough off so that they do not need it anyway. There is no need for the stringency of the law, or the present stringency of its administration. Any farm or home loan is automatically secured by the property itself, and with reasonable care, as is demonstrated by the FHA, the Government takes no loss.

In business loans, the question is simply: Does the Government desire more small business and is it prepared to write off a certain percentage of loss, which is in any case compensated for by the taxes which it collects for as long as the business survives?

As for education, the Government, which is the people, cannot help but benefit, no matter what the expense, by the training and use of talent that would otherwise be lost to it.

New York City —Pfc. L. J. WIEGAND

Elusive Benefits

The great majority of veterans applying for a loan will find out that they can't get one. Either they never had a business reputation before their induction or they were too young to get one, or they have no security to put up for a loan. A man with some social standing previous to his military service is about the only veteran who might be able to obtain a loan, and he is the one vet who doesn't need one.

And how about the educational angle? What family man can live on $75 a month? Even a single man would have a hard enough time. Under the GI Bill, a veteran will have to work his way through school, and I didn't understand that to be its purpose.

As far as I'm concerned I'll take the $300 the Government gives me after my discharge, get myself a job and then let the Government pay for a night-school course to prepare me for the advertising field. I have fought for my country and it should be able to afford that. When I get back I want a decent living for myself, my wife and child, that's all.

Hawaii —Pfc. CHARLES VAN MESSEL

The Kids Could Use It

How about an amendment permitting a soldier to transfer his rights to go to college to one member of his immediate family, his son or daughter? As a great many soldiers, like myself, are too old to continue school and support their families at the same time, it would be a great advantage and satisfaction to each soldier-parent to know that one of his sons or daughters would be the recipient of a college education.

Burma —Sgt. DOUGLAS E. EAGLE

Loans and Appraisals

I am an honorably discharged veteran. A few weeks after my discharge I went to an agency which was set up to assist veterans in borrowing money for business. This agency is composed of 37-odd banks and trust companies consolidated into one central office. When I asked them whether I could borrow $2,500 to invest as working capital in my father's business, with which I've been associated for ten years, I was told that no provision was made for that type of loan, regardless of character, experience and credit rating. But they said I might be granted a loan if I wanted to buy out an existing business with its stock, fixtures, equipment and good will. Which does me no good. So why not liberalize the GI Bill to include "character" or "working capital" loans for veterans with experience in a particular line of business?

Secondly, the home-buying set-up is a farce. The only advantage offered a veteran is 4 percent interest as against the 5 percent charged by any bank. The red tape and delays which the Veterans Administration requires for an appraiser to make reports would be almost as laughable as some Army regulations if it weren't so unfair to the veterans.

I have been in the real-estate business and I can speak with some knowledge about appraising properties. I have seen appraisals run from 25 percent less than fair-market value to 25 percent higher. In other words, if a fair price for a house is $5,000, one appraiser would say it might be worth $3,750 and another would say $6,250, and either could be right. The VA should do away with the appraisal system. Obviously, the appraiser gets paid for his work, and in many cases the higher the appraisal the higher his fee. I read an article where an appraiser needed two assistants and spent 16 hours on the job on a GI home loan.

That is a crock of good old shellac. I'll appraise any house in a matter of one to three hours. He probably spent 14 hours out of the 16 in making out his report.

Philadelphia —ex-Pvt. GENE LIEBERMAN

Federal Loans Only

I think that any money loaned to a veteran should be loaned by Federal agencies only. Under no condition should the Bill guarantee a loan from banks or any other private lending agencies. These agencies are out to get the GI's losses. The whole thing should be a Government transaction.

I'd like to borrow the money which my grandparents, my parents and I have invested in this great Government. The interest which we are going to have to pay should be an investment as well as a paid debt.

Ft. Benning, Ga. —Pvt. HAROLD L. KELDERMAN

THIS page of GI opinion on issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. A *question for future discussion* is "What Reforms Should Be Made in the Post-War Army?" If you have any ideas on this subject send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y. We will allow you time to get answers here from overseas by mail. The best letters we receive will appear in a future issue.

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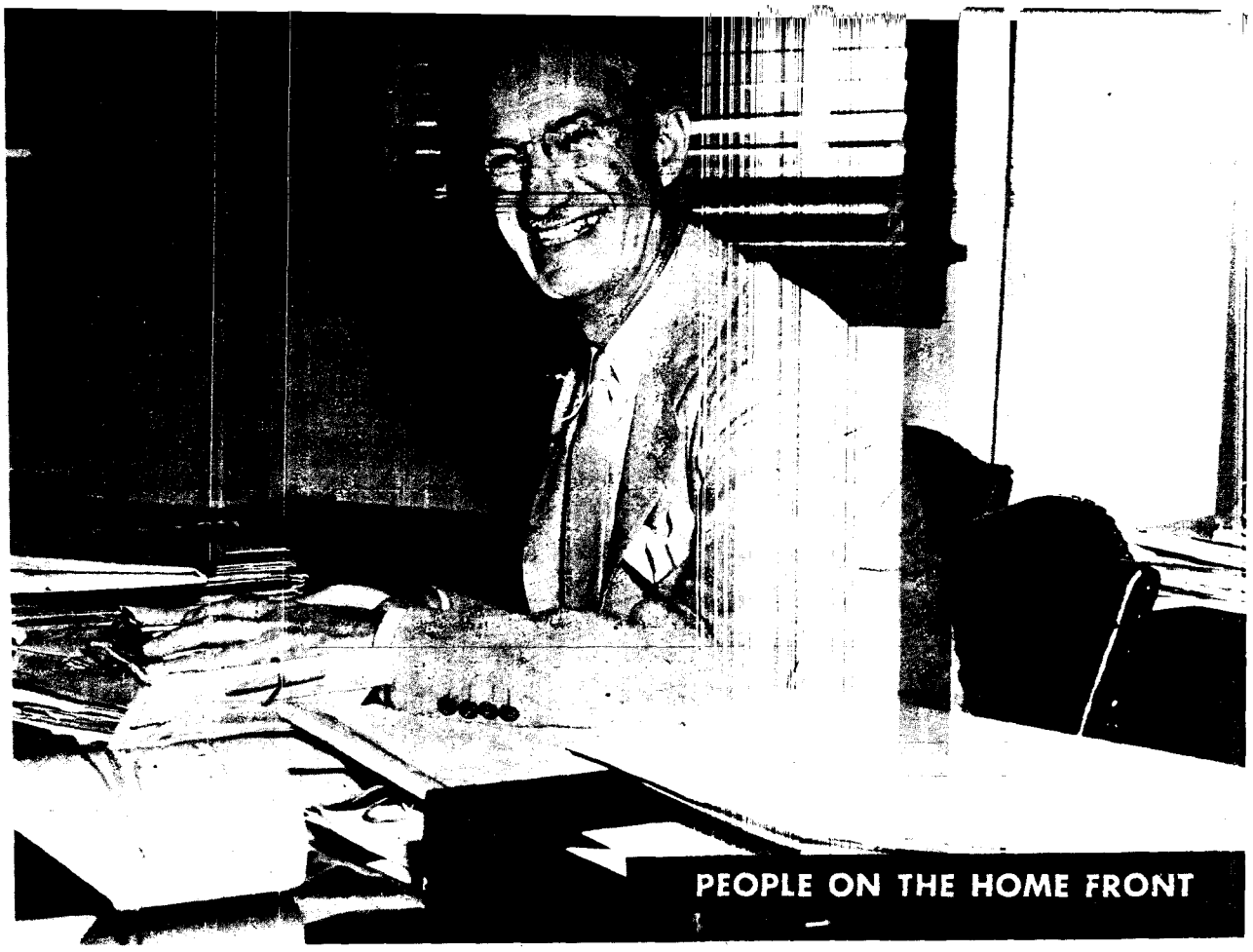

Most-Married Man in America

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS—In the county courthouse here, a tall, middle-aged man with gray hair and horn-rimmed spectacles stood beside a very pretty, very young girl. He held her hand in a casual way and stared abstractedly out of the window as a judge behind a desk intoned the solemn words of a marriage ceremony. The young woman sighed softly and her eyes were starry. When the ceremony was ended the tall, middle-aged man patted the girl affectionately on the back, gave her a fatherly kiss on the forehead and handed the judge a $5 bill.

"Thanks a lot, judge," the bridegroom said.

"What's this one?" the judge asked. "The 38th or 39th?"

"The 39th," the other answered.

The bride, weeping a little, stood hesitantly in the center of the room. The tall man put his arm around her in nonchalant fashion and ushered her out of the courthouse.

"If you'll wait till I call my wife," he said, "I'll take you to lunch."

The bride just nodded her head as if his statement were the most natural one in the world. There wasn't anything wrong with it. Although Thomas H. Finnegan has been married 39 times and has never been a widower or got a divorce, everything was legal.

Under the proxy-marriage law of the state of Kansas, Finnegan takes the vows for overseas soldiers and sailors. And since Kansas is the only state in the Union in which people may be legally married by proxy, there's little doubt among the Kansas City courthouse crowd that he is the most-married man in America. Girls have traveled to Kansas to marry him from as far west as Los Angeles and as far east as Corona, Long Island.

Despite his 39 marriages, Finnegan has been happily married to the same woman for 21 years. A successful trial lawyer, he hasn't tried to get rich out of the proxy-marriage business. His fee for a ceremony never amounts to more than $15.

Finnegan got into the marriage-by-proxy game purely by accident. In February 1943, at which time he was head of the Wyandotte County Bar Association, he received a letter from a Miss Brown of the Chicago Legal Aid Bureau. "Miss Brown," Finnegan says, "wrote me that there was a girl out there who had been going steady with a sailor stationed at Great Lakes. They were madly in love and planned to marry but the sailor was abruptly ordered overseas. They still wanted to get married in the very worst way. Some Chicago lawyer mentioned to Miss Brown that he had heard of a marriage-by-proxy law and he thought that Kansas had it. Miss Brown wanted to know if I knew anything about it."

As a matter of record, Finnegan had never heard of such a statute, but he dug out his law books and discovered that the Chicago lawyer was right. Judge Clark E. Tucker of the Wyandotte County Probate Court told Finnegan that while the Kansas law appeared perfectly constitutional, few judges in the state had ever been willing to perform the proxy ceremony.

"Would *you* do it for a kid in the service who's busy with a few things in the Pacific?" Finnegan asked Judge Clark. Under the circumstances, the judge replied, he guessed he would.

So Finnegan wrote back to Chicago that if the girl wanted to come to Kansas City and be married by proxy, he would not only take care of the license but would act as bridegroom as well. In a few days the girl came to town and she and Finnegan were married, and now she and the sailor, so far as Finnegan knows, are living happily ever after.

A few weeks later Finnegan got another proposal from a Chicago girl, this one engaged to a soldier. Would Finnegan walk down the aisle again? Finnegan would be delighted. In a few months the lawyer was getting married on an average of twice a week.

Shortly before VJ-Day Finnegan had 30 future weddings definitely scheduled and at least 60 in the request stage. Before the war ended he was thinking of hiring an assistant—if he could get one. "Fellows around here are too damned bashful to help me," says Finnegan.

Finnegan, it may please absent bridegrooms to hear, dresses well for the marriage ceremony. His usual garb is a soft gray-flannel suit, a white shirt and a striped tie. He wears a carnation in his lapel and sees to it that the bride has a bouquet. Finnegan knows the marriage ceremony by heart. "If I go through 10 more of these ceremonies, I think I'll be able to recite the whole thing backwards," he says.

Most of the brides are extremely nervous and shy and though the modest lawyer himself won't admit it, his secretary says the girls feel thankful to be able to step up to the altar with such a dapper and understanding man as Finnegan.

"Frankly, the girls expect some old movielike character with a bald head and a big cigar in his mouth," Finnegan's secretary says. "And when they see the boss they're surprised. 'Gee, I didn't know lawyers were so cute,' most of them say."

After the ceremony Finnegan invariably takes the bride out to lunch. "I try to give her a little advice and a few tips I've picked up in 21 years of married life," is the way he explains this part of the ritual.

The luncheon over, the bride usually goes straight back to where she came from. There seems to have been only one occasion on which the bride business disturbed the peace of the Finnegan home. An extremely good-looking girl from Chicago decided to get married in style. She brought along her bridesmaids, well-wishers, wedding dress and even rice, and hired a suite in a local hotel. All through the ceremony she kept calling Finnegan "Joe," her real husband's name. And she insisted that Finnegan come to the reception at the hotel.

"I rarely drink, especially in the daytime," Finnegan says, "but this ceremony made me nervous. It seemed too damned *real*. I had the guilty feeling I was committing bigamy. And at the reception some of the guests got a little tight and began congratulating me. So I took a snorter to buck myself up."

When Finnegan finally got home, it was past his dinnertime and he was a little mixed up about things. He had a hard time convincing his wife he hadn't been out on a binge. At last, however, everything seemed to be straightened out, and then he had to go and pull the boner of his life.

"I called my wife 'Elizabeth,'" Finnegan recalls sheepishly. "That isn't her name. That was the name of the girl from Chicago. From there on it was a rough night."

Although the incident marks the only time Finnegan's marriages ever interfered with his married life, his duties as the nation's outstanding proxy husband aren't always finished when he says farewell to the proxy bride. Most of the girls he marries keep up a correspondence with him, letting him know how their married life, if any, is getting on. Finnegan has so far had visits from four husbands for whom he served as stand-in. The visits, he reports, were very pleasant.

One girl who lived near Kansas City was about to have a child when her husband was sent overseas a second time. Finnegan went to the hospital with her and paced the floor in the best expectant-father tradition. "The girl was all alone and in that hospital, and anyhow it's best to have a man around at a time like that to bother the nurses and raise hell with the doctor," Finnegan says.

To date, only one of the Finnegan marriages has turned out badly. A girl he went to the altar with early in his proxy career recently asked Finnegan to handle her divorce. He wrote back that she ought to reconsider and to list all her reasons for wanting a divorce. He also wrote to the husband, suggesting that he tell his side of the case. The correspondence is still in progress.

"I haven't got them together yet," Finnegan says, "but I will. Those kids are wrangling over something very silly and unimportant. My wife and I had the same sort of argument 20 years ago."

Before the war ended, the Kansas City lawyer was planning to use his wife in the business. Seems he had three requests from servicemen in the States who wanted to marry girls stationed overseas.

Mrs. Finnegan, having long ago recovered from the shock of being addressed as Elizabeth, takes her husband's many marriages in entirely good humor. "I don't mind how many girls Tom gets married to," she says, "just so he doesn't go on the honeymoons."

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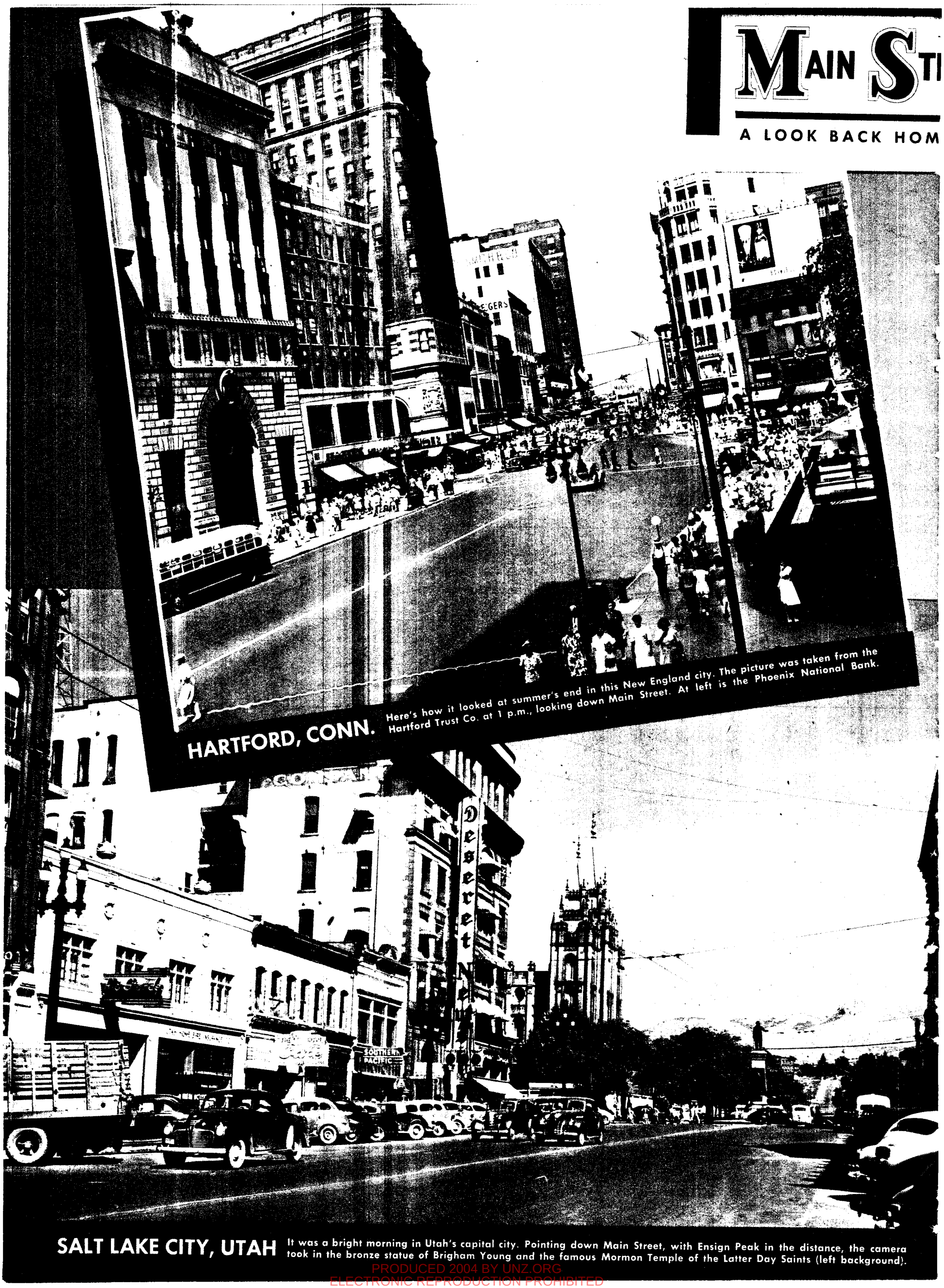

HARTFORD, CONN. Here's how it looked at summer's end in this New England city. The picture was taken from the Hartford Trust Co. at 1 p.m., looking down Main Street. At left is the Phoenix National Bank.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH It was a bright morning in Utah's capital city. Pointing down Main Street, with Ensign Peak in the distance, the camera took in the bronze statue of Brigham Young and the famous Mormon Temple of the Latter Day Saints (left background).

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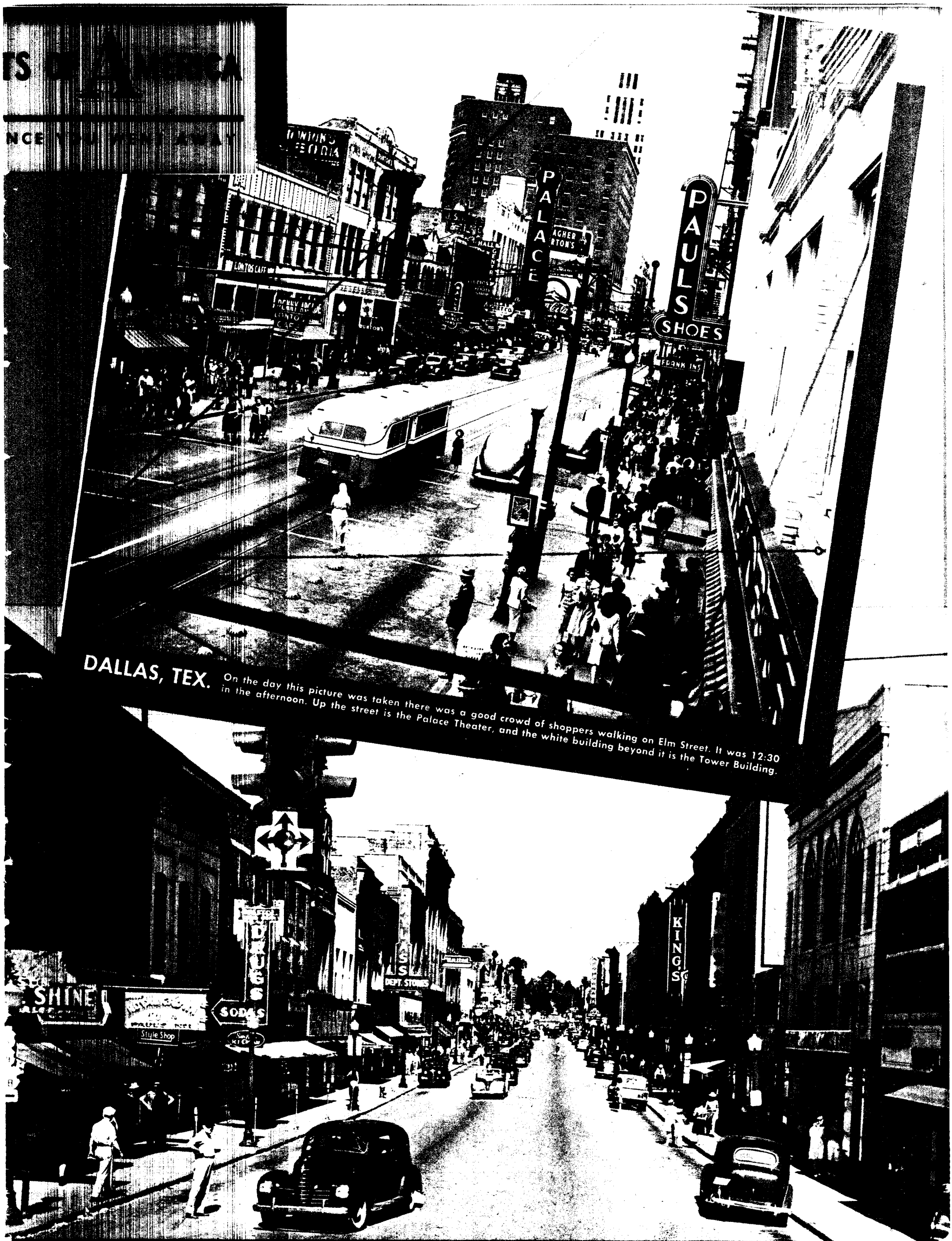

DALLAS, TEX. On the day this picture was taken there was a good crowd of shoppers walking on Elm Street. It was 12:30 in the afternoon. Up the street is the Palace Theater, and the white building beyond it is the Tower Building.

BRISTOL, TENN.-VA. When this picture was taken it was 3:30 p.m. You are looking down State Street where the state line runs, dividing Bristol into Virginia on the left and Tennessee on the right. But Bristol, Va., and Bristol, Tenn., spell just one home town for many GIs.

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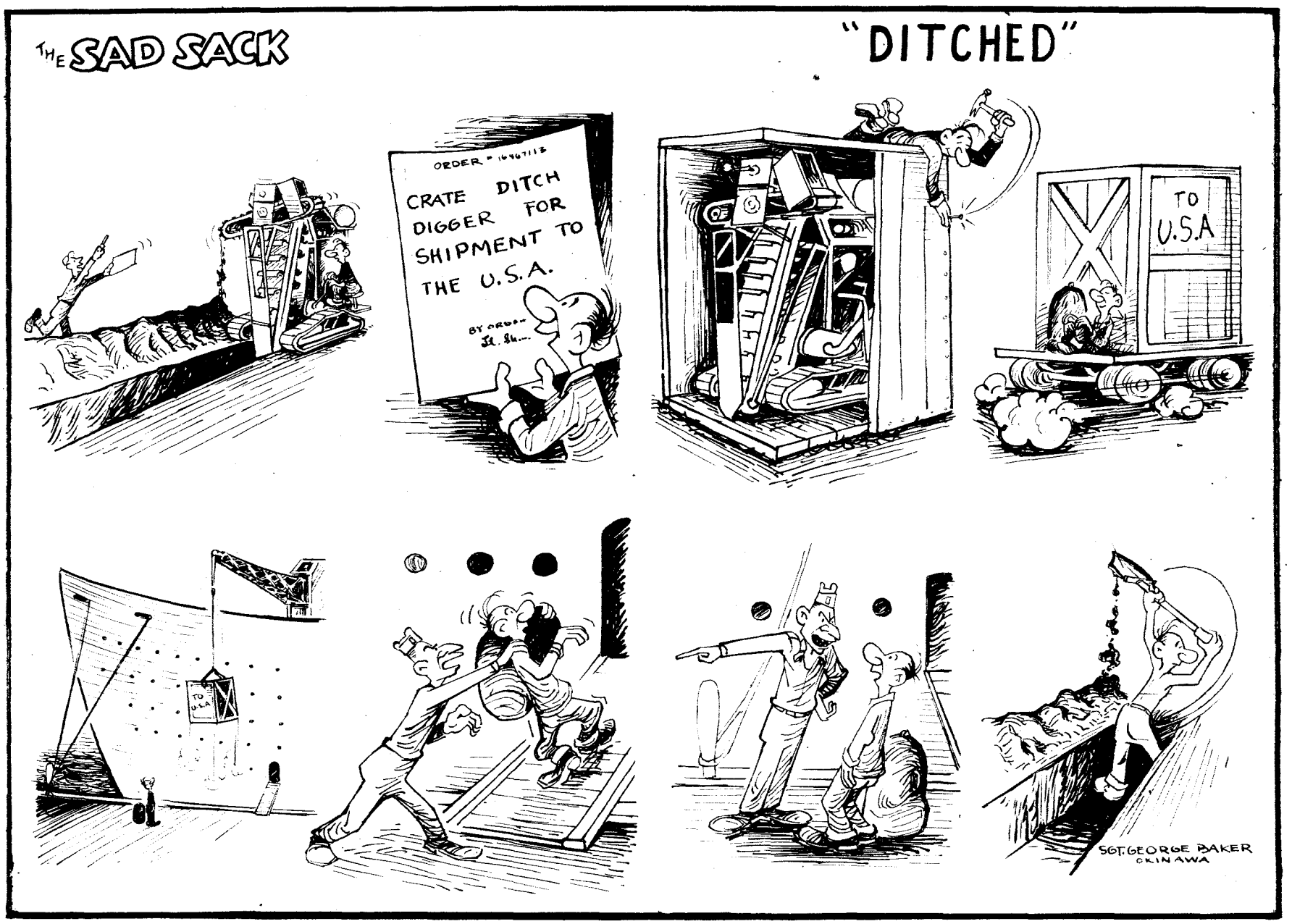

Carnival Marriage

Dear YANK:

After 17 lonely and womanless weeks of training in Texas I was given a furlough. While on furlough I visited a carnival. At the carnival I met a girl and because of my loneliness I asked her to marry me. Although we had just met, she replied in the affirmative, and four days later we were married. Six weeks later I was overseas. I still do not know the girl well nor do I know her family. I do not love her and I am sure I can never be happy with her. I have written her asking for a divorce. She has agreed.

Before coming into the Army I was a male nurse with two years of hospital experience. When I get out of service I want to go to medical school under the GI Bill of Rights. My wife has had only six years of schooling and can barely read and write. She is quite content in her illiteracy. She is anti-social and refuses to go anywhere where there are a number of people. That is definitely a drawback to me. I can never become a doctor with that kind of wife.

I want to know if I, with her consent, of course, can get a divorce while I am still in the ETO?

France —(Name Withheld)

■ Your right to maintain a divorce action depends on the law of the State having jurisdiction of the case. Many States permit soldier plaintiffs to maintain such actions

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

even though they find it impossible to be physically present during the trial of the case. Whether you have any legal ground upon which to base an action for a divorce is something that only an attorney can advise you about. See your legal assistance officer for further information on that score.

Review of Discharge

Dear YANK:

I was discharged with a blue (without honor) discharge. At the time I didn't think anything of it and figured while I had gotten a raw deal I'd forget about it. Now however I am beginning to see what a difference it makes to receive an honorable instead. I have heard that under the GI Bill of Rights I can apply to the Army Discharge Review Board and get my discharge changed if I can show I shouldn't have received the blue discharge. That's all well and good. I feel sure I can get the necessary proof to convince the board, but what bothers me is that I cannot afford to hire a lawyer. Do I have to get a civilian lawyer in order to present my case to the board?

California —JAMES L. ALLEN

■ You need not hire a lawyer in order to have your case presented to the Discharge Review Board. The GI Bill of Rights does not require a veteran to hire counsel in order to get a review of his discharge. If a veteran wishes, he may handle his own case before the Review Board.

Points for Stepchild

Dear YANK:

I have a total of 74 points for overseas duty and duty in the States. In April of 1944 I married a divorcee with one child. The father of the child is sending it an allotment through the Office of Dependency Benefits. I too have applied for an additional allotment on behalf of this child (I have just been told by my orderly room that I am entitled to the allotment). My step-daughter is and has been a member of my household since I was

married. Now what I would like to know is, am I entitled to 12 points for the child or not? Or, does the child's real father get the 12 points?

Camp Blanding, Fla. —T-5 WALTER LYNCH

■ You are entitled to the 12 points for the child. In a case of this type the man in whose household the child lives gets credit for the child. The fact that the child's father contributes to the child's support does not change your right to the 12 points.

Back Taxes

Dear YANK:

While I have been in service, taxes on my farm have been piling up (my wife has been living on the farm and running it for me). At present I owe over $600 in back taxes. As you can guess, that is a pretty big load for an ordinary farm to carry. When I get out, will I be able to get a loan under the GI Bill of Rights to pay off these back taxes?

Marianas —T/Sgt. ROBT. H. STEELE

■ You will. Such a loan will be approved under the GI Bill of Rights. You can get it either as a farm loan or a home loan, and one or the other ought to cover your needs.

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Another Stripe

From the day McGregor reported for duty at the statistical office, he felt that tension. He knew there'd be more.

So he began to argue with himself. He would try his best not to become involved in any petty intrigue. He was a big person, and even though he had been in grade longer than Bolton, the other corporal, he knew the Army didn't always give out promotions by virtue of time in grade alone. He'd see to it that he did a better job than Bolton. Then time would tell. At least he would try. There was no harm in trying.

The first week passed amicably enough. They were both feeling each other out—and the lieutenant. He was a tough one. He said very little. He asked few questions. Sometimes, McGregor would ask him a direct question and he wouldn't answer. McGregor would wait tensely, then ask again. Maybe, the second time, the lieutenant would look up and give him some abstract reply. This made McGregor fume inside. So what? What could he expect from his superior officer and his boss? If the lieutenant didn't consider his questions material, then to hell with him. He wouldn't let him know it affected him in the least.

The second week, a Wac pfc was transferred to the office, so they had to rearrange the furniture. The lieutenant had been sitting between Bolton and McGregor, in the middle of the office, but the Wac was to be his personal secretary and she'd have to have a desk within his reach. So Bolton took it upon himself to make the changes.

When McGregor came back from chow one afternoon, he found his desk moved to a far corner of the room, almost out of sight of the lieutenant. Bolton had placed his own desk directly facing the lieutenant's. He'd also brought in a large file cabinet which he put next to his desk so he could reach it without leaving his seat. The width of the cabinet made Bolton's desk protrude into the aisle, making anyone who passed have to take a deep breath in order to get by. He had also placed the small table for the phone between his desk and the lieutenant's. This enabled either of them to reach it without exerting too much effort.

An "in" basket with the name "Bolton" scribbled across it lay on the table. It sat there, ready for any papers that might pass from the lieutenant to him, located conveniently enough to be a stopgap for any other items the lieutenant had no special place for.

This bit of subterfuge lit the candle, even though McGregor was eased somewhat when the lieutenant returned and looked over the new arrangement. His comment was, "The whole setup looks pretty handy for you, Bolton, but it sure makes it unhandy for everyone else in the office." There was little or no emotion in the lieutenant's voice when he said that. And he didn't intimate that the desks were to be shifted, or the cabinet moved back to the hall. Bolton knew he had scored the first victory.

McGregor tried to keep his mind on his work after that. The first of the month was drawing near and he had it on good authority that there would be ratings. But with the pressure on headquarters for so many promotions, he knew damn well only one of them would make sergeant. At least the lieutenant never complained to him, or turned back any of his work. That was in his favor. But there were little things, things that Bolton managed and he couldn't that stacked the cards so much against him. Like when the phone would ring and Bolton would grab it and say, with a mellifluous purr in his voice, "Lt. Martin's office, Cpl. Bolton speaking." McGregor couldn't do that. He couldn't bring himself to say it, even though he tried. Whenever he picked up the receiver, he unconsciously would say, "Post Statistical Office," and once or twice he noticed the lieutenant would look up from his work and give him a half-glare.

He did say, "Lt. Martin's office," once, but it was forced and insincere, and it made him feel uncomfortable because he couldn't buck and he was so afraid it would look as though he were bucking. He'd rather not have a promotion if he had to buck for it, and, damn it, he wouldn't, he assured himself.

And the business of the lieutenant's laundry. That must have taken Bolton a good extra hour of his time when he went to town. It got so the lieutenant would bring in his bundle and put it on Bolton's desk without saying a word. When Bolton would bring back the clean laundry, he'd never mention how much it cost and it might be days before the lieutenant would say, "How much for the laundry, Bolton?" And Bolton would say, "Oh, forget it, sir." And they would banter around until the lieutenant would give him a couple of bills and Bolton would make change. He always managed to have the right change ready.

"Thank you, sir," Bolton would say, with heavy emphasis on the "sir." How many times had McGregor said "sir" to the lieutenant? Damned few. He wasn't discourteous. He always kept his voice in an even tenor when he spoke, but he couldn't tag a "sir" on to the end of every sentence as Bolton did. It just wasn't in him.

"I'm a damn fool," he would say to himself after a conversation with the lieutenant in which he had spoken with an over-amount of coldness and unconcern. "But I'm not bucking. I have that much self-satisfaction."

The day promotions came out, McGregor knew what had happened before Bolton told him, and he had made up his mind to maintain as much disinterest as possible. But Bolton greeted him at the door with a gluttonous smile, waving the order in his face. "I made it, I made it," he said. "Here, have a cigar." And he fumbled in his pocket, pulling out a King Edward that looked as if it had been left over from the time he made corporal.

McGregor flushed and looked Bolton in the eye. "No thanks," he said turning away abruptly. He seemed to choke up as the words came from his lips. He was immediately sorry he'd been such a bad sport, but his attitude didn't even faze Bolton, who just laughed and stuffed the cigar back in his pocket.

The Wac had made corporal, but that didn't bother McGregor. He shook her hand and said, "I'm glad you made it." Bolton stood watching them, still smiling.

Something was sticking in McGregor's throat as he sat down. It was like a big piece of corn in a hen's craw, and he couldn't swallow it. He thought maybe he'd go back to the barracks until he cooled off, but he knew that would be childish. He decided to try to do his work as though nothing had happened.

The lieutenant was late that morning. He came in without speaking, as usual. Bolton gave him a cheery "Good morning," and added, "Thanks for the promotion, sir." The lieutenant mumbled something incoherently as he sat down.

For the rest of the morning nothing could be heard in the office but the monotonous rattle of typewriters, the occasional ring of the phone. Several times, the lieutenant would clear his throat. That was one of his annoying habits.

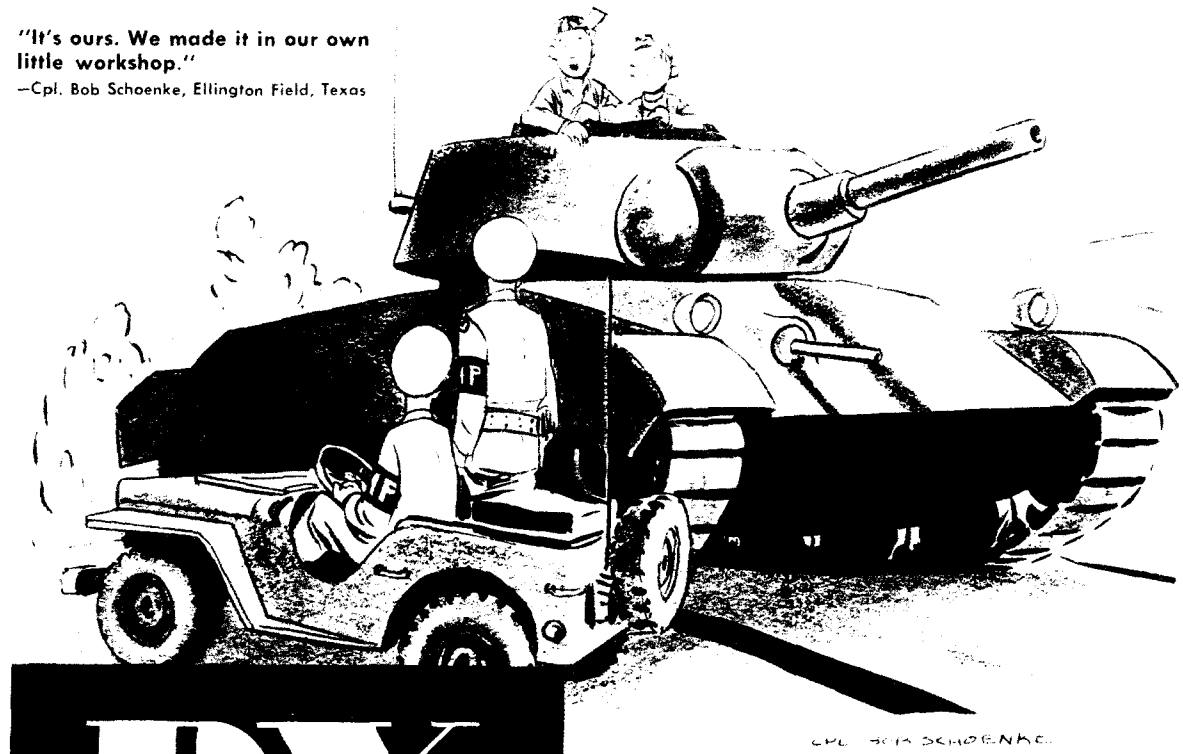
It was almost noon before the lieutenant said anything. Most of the time he had kept his eyes glued to the mass of papers on his desk, but now he put them aside and looked up.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get you another stripe, too, McGregor," he said. "You know how stingy they are with ratings on this post. Both of you boys have done excellent work. It was too hard for me to decide, so I did the only thing I could. I flipped a coin. Just a case of bad luck on your part."

For the first time, it was the lieutenant who waited for a reply. Interminable seconds went by as the two men looked at each other. Work in the office had come to a standstill. Finally, the lieutenant lowered his head and began to ruffle through his papers absently.

Bolton coughed. "Is your laundry ready to go out, sir?" he asked.

Detroit, Mich. —S/Sgt. GORDON CROWE



"It's ours. We made it in our own little workshop."
—Cpl. Bob Schoenke, Ellington Field, Texas

PX

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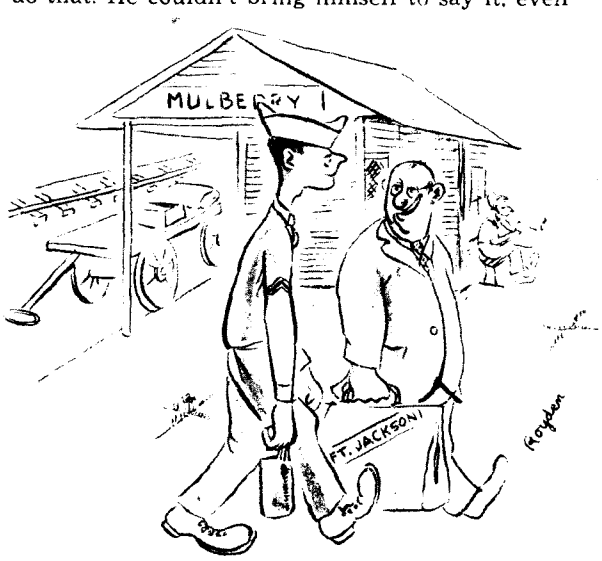
TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

I sit here in my cozy cell;
My heart is filled with joy,
For I am twenty-one today—
No longer "just a boy."

My folks and friends remembered me
With gifts and revenue;
How did the Army celebrate?
CQ.

Brooklyn Army Base, N. Y. —Pfc. DANIEL WALDRON



"Sure glad you could get home for the holiday, son—we've got a little parade planned."
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson, Robins Field, Ga.

"I don't think you've quite gotten the meaning of 'Service Club Commando,' Hubert."
—Pfc. Anthony Delatri, Belgium

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Radar

In a war which wound up in an atmosphere of scientific marvels, radar ranks high as a stand-out achievement. The Army has taken the wraps off the secret story of what makes radar tick.

By Pfc. ROBERT BENDINER
YANK Staff Writer

BOCA RATON ARMY AIR FIELD, FLA.—In the midst of the vast excitement that followed the unleashing of the atomic bomb, the Army for the first time permitted publication of the basic facts about radar. To a lot of people, the radar disclosure seemed pretty small potatoes compared with the news about the atomic bomb. In the opinion of many well-informed analysts, however, radar's place of honor among the scientific marvels which helped win the war is second to none.

"Radar played a greater part in the whole war than the atom bomb itself," according to Sir Stafford Cripps, formerly Britain's Minister of Aircraft Production. In fact, Sir Stafford adds, "it contributed to the winning of the war more than any other single factor." That is a tall claim, but it is supported by a number of our own Army and Navy authorities. And here are a few of the reasons:

1) It was radar that enabled the RAF to save the day when the *Luftwaffe* threatened to bring England to her knees. No matter how thick the fog or black the night, radar's penetrating eye picked up the German planes as they left the Continent, gave the RAF fighters the maximum time and the most accurate information to counter the attack and sighted the ack-ack guns with deadly accuracy. On Sept. 15, 1940, radar-guided ground and aircraft guns combined to down 185 out of 500 attacking planes. Germany's air arm had met its first serious defeat.

2) It was radar that drove the U-boat from the seas. In 1942 the subs were sinking 16,000 tons of Allied shipping a day. Our Atlantic coast was strewn with wreckage; the loss of life was heavy and the loss of supplies grave enough to threaten our ultimate success in the war.

Carried in aircraft that swept the coasts and the major sea lanes, radar spotted the subs 10 miles off when they surfaced at night to charge their batteries and take in fresh air. High-speed planes were notified and guided direct to the targets. In three months of 1943, 100 U-boats went down.

3) It was radar that played a major part in protecting our convoys so well that we lost only 1/10th of one percent of our convoyed ships; it was radar that directed our bombers in paralyzing German coast defenses on D-Day; radar that guided our paratroopers to landings in Normandy and Holland; radar that put our bombers over Europe in fog, darkness and rain; and radar that made it possible for our ships to steam closer to enemy shores in the Pacific under the cover of night than would have been thinkable to the most daring commander in the days before the "magic eye."

Until a short time ago radar was among the most hush-hush subjects of the war. Thousands of men in the forces had worked with it, but all were sworn to secrecy. Radar operators and observers were known as "radio operators," and students in American radar schools were forbidden to take their notebooks out of the classroom. In Britain, radar development was carried on in a secluded Suffolk manor over whose entrance was a coat of arms with this misleading motto: *Plutôt mourir que changer.* ("Better death than change.") But now the lid has been lifted, though not yet quite all the way.

To understand the underlying principle of radar, you need only know that certain radio waves, or pulses, traveling with the speed of light (186,000 miles a second), bounce when they hit an object in their path. If the object is squarely facing the source from which the waves have been sent, they will bounce back to the source. If the object is partially directed away from the source, only some of the waves will be returned, the others bouncing off at an angle and losing themselves in space.

The principle is simple enough, but the application of it proves very tricky. It was clear from

This anti-aircraft radar set is manned by four soldiers. The standing GI operates a modulator, and the other three, on high elevated seats, operate the vertical and horizontal position scopes and the range scope. The windmill-like structures are the antennae

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the start that if a radio wave of sufficiently high frequency could be directed at a given target and an observation made on the time elapsing between the transmission of the wave and its return, the target's distance could readily be calculated. It was clear, too, that if such waves could be beamed out in all directions, they would, by their return impulse, reveal any targets that happened to be in their path. The problems were to devise a sufficiently powerful short-wave transmitter to do the beaming and a receiver to record the returned waves as they bounced back.

Actually the problems did not at first present themselves in such clear terms. Radar (short for "radio detection and ranging") is, like radio itself, the product of evolutionary development in which each major step opens up new vistas. In its crudest form, the radar principle was first noted in 1922 by two scientists employed by the U. S. Navy, Dr. A. Hoyt Taylor and Leo C. Young. Experimenting with radio communication in the fall of that year, Taylor and Young discovered a distortion in received signals due to the reflection from a small wooden steamer on the Potomac. After further experiments, they reported to the Navy that "destroyers located on a line a number of miles apart could be immediately aware of the passage of an enemy vessel between any two destroyers of the line, irrespective of fog, darkness or smoke screen."

Work in this field progressed independently in the U. S., England, France and Germany throughout the 1920s and 1930s. In this country the Signal Corps, the Navy, private industry and, later, the Air Forces all had a hand in overcoming the technical problems involved in developing radar from its crude beginnings into the highly effective instrument it is today. Means had to be developed for generating pulses of the proper length, a receiver had to be devised which would not be blocked by the transmitter pulses, and a cathode-ray tube had to be designed to display the pulses as they were received.

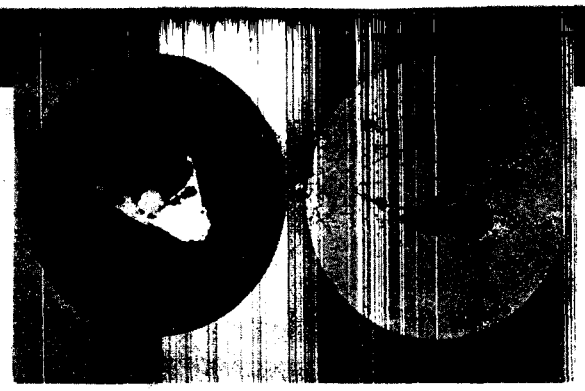
Step by step, all these technical difficulties were overcome. Radar began to take shape. In 1938 a working shipboard model was installed on the U.S.S. *New York* and in the following year it received a workout in battle maneuvers. In 1938, too, the Coast Artillery gave radar a tryout as an anti-aircraft device.

In addition to locating planes, the new equipment tracked shells in flight and also guided back to a safe landing an Army bomber that had gone astray during a demonstration and had been blown out to sea. In 1939, the AAF, which had been working closely with the Signal Corps, ordered radar equipment in quantity, and the air arm has since come to be the largest user of radar in the service.

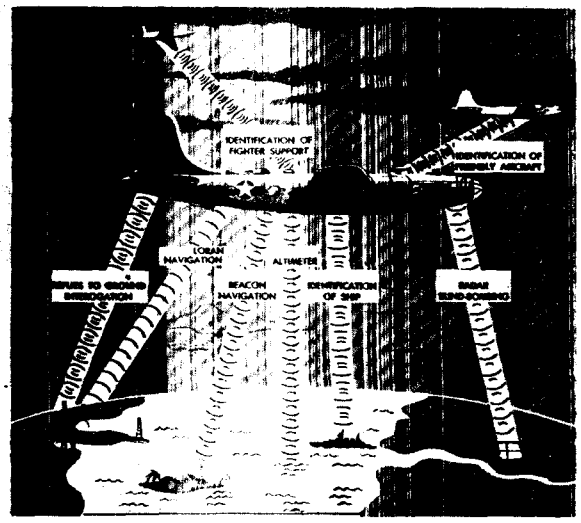
In 1940, an agreement was reached with the British to pool the findings of laboratories on both sides of the ocean, and from that point on progress has been made with such rapidity that an industry which was almost non-existent before 1940 has since sold to our own armed forces alone millions of dollars' worth of equipment. Radar has overnight made electronics an industry comparable in size with the automobile industry before the war.

Basically, all radar equipment has just a few major features. It has, first, a modulator, a device for taking power from whatever generating source is used and applying it to turn a radio high-frequency oscillator on and off. It is this oscillator that emits the necessary waves in short bursts, so timed that returning pulses may be recorded between bursts. For this purpose a highly developed vacuum tube has been evolved; it's capable of operating at a power thousands of times greater than was thought possible a few years ago.

Then there is an antenna which concentrates the radio energy into a well-defined beam. The antenna must be capable of being swung from one point in space to another, so that the direction of the rebounding pulse—and consequently of the target—may be determined. Next, there is the indicator, which presents the information in the form best adapted to the particular radar set. The most striking of these indicators is the PPI, or Plan Position Indicator. This, a round, fluorescent glass disc, the face of a cathode-ray tube, is an ever-changing topographical map. Water, which reflects few of the transmitted pulses, appears as black; land, with a number of smooth surfaces facing in the direction of the plane or



A comparison of an aerial radar photo of the island of Nantucket, Mass., with a chart (right). On the radar screen, land areas appear white and water black. Aircraft or shipping show up as white dots.



The B-29 is sometimes referred to as a flying radar set. This picture shows the functions of five types of radar equipment which are used by the Superforts.

ship from which the pulses are beamed, shows as gray; while built-up areas, with a great many smooth surfaces directly in the path of the beam, are reflected on the scope as bright patches. Individual objects, such as ships at sea, or airplanes in the vicinity, appear as bright "pips"—"blips," the English call them.

This particular scope is a feature of the amazing BTO set (Bombing Through Overcast). BTO, the peak of electronic development, was kept so secret during the early days of its use that except for the radar operator himself even the crews of planes that carried it were kept in the dark about its details. Crews referred to the BTO mysteriously as "Big Time Operator" and later more widely and more fondly as "Mickey." First used by the British, Mickey was tried out by our Eighth Air Force in the raid on the Wilhelmshaven docks in November 1943. Nine pathfinder planes, each leading a combat wing of 60, were equipped with this marvel, which not only guides a pilot to his target and tells him exactly when to begin his bomb run, but, geared to his bomb sight, also automatically releases the bomb at the strategic moment.

On eight previous raids over Wilhelmshaven our airmen had missed the city's docks entirely. With Mickey, bombing through overcast, they dropped a heavy concentration of bombs on the target area and did considerable damage. Without radar, the Eighth had been compelled to mark time with a force capable of operating 10 to 20 times more often than the target weather would permit. In 1942, our planes were grounded throughout December; in December 1943, using radar, they dropped bombloads that broke the record for any month to that date.

Mickey did a remarkable job in the air offensive that softened Germany for the kill, but it was only one of the many forms in which radar was used against the enemy. Perhaps the simplest and at the same time one of the most useful applications of the principle was in the Tail Warning Set, most commonly used in night fighters. A fighter pilot, concentrating on maneuvering his ship, might be surprised by a sudden attack from the rear—but not if he had this handy gadget. Let an enemy plane approach within 600 feet and the radar-operated Tail Warner would pick the enemy up, flash a red light on the pilot's instrument panel, and also blow a horn or ring a bell, just to make sure.

Many night fighters were also equipped with AI, or Aerial Interception, a compact radar instrument that was used to track down enemy planes at night or in poor visibility. It required such close coordination between radar observer and pilot that pairs, once established, were seldom broken up. The observer, watching his scope, would keep up a running flow of chatter which sounded like nothing so much as a broadcaster giving a blow-by-blow account of the heavyweight battle of the century.

An ingenious radar device is IFF (Identification, Friend or Foe). A ground station located, let's say, with an anti-aircraft battery, picks up an approaching plane on its radar set. Unable to tell, through the overcast or darkness, whether it is an enemy plane or one of its own, the station sends out an interrogating pulse. If the plane is friendly, its IFF transmitter is triggered off by the pulse and proceeds, without human operation, to send out a coded signal. The gunners down below hold their fire and, if necessary, the plane is guided on its way.

Then there is the radar altimeter which, by measuring the time required for a pulse to strike the earth and return, reveals absolute altitude, recording even the smallest ridge or elevation below. This is a great advantage over the barometric altimeter, which shows only altitude above sea level. With the radar altimeter a pilot can avoid such hazards as mountain peaks—or even the Empire State Building. An auxiliary attachment to this altimeter provides a three-light warning board to keep a pilot at a predetermined height. If he gets too high, a green light flashes on, if too low he is given a red signal, while amber informs him that all is well. This device is useful in the dropping of parachute troops.

Among the newest applications of radar is GCA, or Ground Control Approach. It is aviation's answer to the eternal threat of bad weather and is expected to put civilian air lines on schedules as reliable as the railroads'. This piece of equipment may be set up on any landing field, where it will proceed to pick up planes approaching the field from a distance of five to 30 miles. A ground operator, having located a plane struggling to come down through a heavy fog, communicates with its pilot by radio and, observing every foot of the plane's progress, "talks it in" to a safe landing.

British "Gee" and American "Loran" (Long Range Navigation) are devices that have already revolutionized both nautical and aerial navigation. Based on the transmission of waves broadcast from several fixed ground positions, Loran enables planes or ships to take fixes more readily than by celestial observation and just as accurately. Unlike astronomical bodies, Loran can be consulted in any weather, and it was a major factor not only in putting thousands of bombers over Europe on the blackest nights but in concentrating them at appointed rendezvous.

Radar sounds complex, and the instrument panel of a completely equipped plane does look like a Hollywood scientist's dream, but in fact the operation of most radar machinery may be learned in a matter of hours. Skilled observation, however, comes only with extensive practice.

In the instruction of radar personnel, the services had a monumental task on their hands. Research, development, production and instruction were all carried on at the same time, and equipment, tested in the field by trial and error, gave way to improved versions as fast as men learned to use it.

The entire program, moreover, had to proceed in such secrecy that even mention of radar off the field was grounds for court martial. "Probably no scientific or industrial development in the history of the world," says a report on the subject recently issued by the Office of War Information, "has expanded in all phases simultaneously, and on such a scale."

Starting with small informal classes carried on by the Signal Corps Laboratories in 1937, radar education has grown to such proportions that Navy schools have put more than 125,000 officers and men through advanced courses, while in the Army the Air Forces alone graduated 23,175 radar men in the first six months of this year, as compared with 818 for the first half of 1942.

The men picked for radar, generally top students at radio schools throughout the service, have tested their gadgets in the clouds over Europe, in the mists of the Atlantic and in the storms of the tropics. They know that the atomic bomb hastened the end of a war whose outcome was no longer in doubt, but they know, too, that radar, the "magic eye," helped tremendously to remove that doubt.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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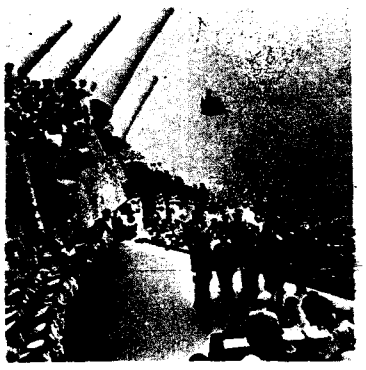

This Week's Cover

ABOARD the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay, the Emperor's delegation surrenders for Japan. As Japanese Foreign Minister Shigemitsu signs the surrender document, Gen. Douglas MacArthur faces him, standing at the right of the desk with his back to the camera. See pages 2 through 9 for other pictures and stories on the surrender and occupation of Japan.

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Rank in the Postwar World

Dear YANK:

A story in the Washington *Times-Herald* stated that the War Manpower Commission may favor officers over enlisted men in recommending men for postwar jobs. The following expresses the resentful reaction of the many EM who have read it here.

Enlisted men have borne many indignities and humiliations during the course of their service, and where all else has failed they have maintained a certain philosophic calm in the thought that when the war is over they will return to civilian life, where ability and experience and knowledge will govern their success or failure, all other things being equal. Now we learn that even this small comfort is false—that the officer whose economic status improved considerably after his induction over what he was able to earn as a civilian, and who has become "accustomed to living on an officer's income" will continue to enjoy the benefits that come from having ONCE been at the right place at the right time.

The only conclusion we can reach is that the WMC either is under the thumb of the General Staff, or is headed entirely by ex-officers, or is under the delusion common among civilians that officers are selected by some mysterious system, known only to brass-hats, which infallibly separates the wheat from the chaff. Isn't it high time that the public and its governmental agencies be informed that the process of passing an OCS board combines the worst features of a lottery and a bingo game; that time and place are the most important hazards a contender must pass; that selections are made almost always on an arbitrary basis and frequently on a prejudicial opinion? Shouldn't they be told about T/Os, about "frozen ratings," about "essential enlisted men," about the thousands of EM with AGCT scores much higher than the required 110 who were turned down because of "lack of leadership," "lack of education," lack of skill in apple-polishing, or downright lack of luck? Shouldn't they be told of the thousands of officers who are nothing but highly decorated messengers and name-signers, and who continue to hold their brass only by the sweat, brains, ingenuity and unswerving patriotism of the enlisted men under them?

Mention should also be made of the many EM who ran successful businesses or professional careers in civilian life, building them up painstakingly at the cost of years of effort and thousands of dollars, and who had to sell them at terrific sacrifice or give them away or close them up when the greetings of the President arrived. They had to accustom themselves to living on $50 or less a month, their families had to accustom themselves to living on a ridiculous allotment, and they are now expected by the WMC to continue living on the same scale, in spite of their experience and ability, because in their involuntary shifts from place to place they never arrived at the "right" post or made the "right" connections.

When this war is over and we are out of the Army, let's be OUT of it—let's not let the military caste system take root in and destroy the civilian democracy we have fought to protect. Let ex-officers and ex-EM compete for jobs on terms of proper equality and let the best man win. Otherwise, let's admit that we've beaten the Germans and the Japs—and still have lost the war.

Fort Dix, N. J. —Pvt. MORRIS E. LEVINE*

*Also signed by 18 others.

Dear YANK:

In the Dark Ages a man was not expected or permitted to rise any higher than what his forebears had been, but all this was changed—so we thought—on the day this country flung down the challenge to the rest of the world that here all distinctions of class, caste, rank, coterie and clique were to be eliminated for all.

Now we are candidly informed that "in civilian job placements" the august War Manpower Commission has regally decreed, "Officers will be given first chance at administrative and supervisory positions while enlisted men will be channeled into only those jobs requiring special skills or no skills at all," one of the reasons for this un-American doctrine being that "young officers have married since they were called into service" and "they and their families are accustomed to living on an officer's income."

This is sheer tommyrot and while I doubt very much that any such despicable policy can be foisted upon an informed public, the shameless gall with which the attempt is being made richly deserves the righteous wrath of all good Americans that it will indubitably incur.

Patuxent River NAS, Md. —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

We are all aware of the fact that the Army is based on a caste system not unlike feudalism in the middle ages. Being civilians by nature and soldiers because of necessity, we won't argue the pros and cons of this while we're in uniform. However, when we become civilians again, all such distinctions automatically vanish into thin air. If the Government forces any such distinctions upon us as free Americans it would be the most flagrant violation of the Bill of Rights, our Constitutional rights and privileges. Why does Congress have a Fair Employment Practices Commission to prevent discrimination in the hiring of any American because of race, creed or color, when on the other hand it approves discrimination between all ex-servicemen on the basis of an outworn, antiquated undemocratic caste system?

By Army "standards," an officer is *supposed* to be a superior soldier, one outstanding in leadership, initiative, able to bear responsibilities. If this were true, then no officer should have any trouble getting the better jobs on his own abilities and initiative, without help from any employment agency!

All we ask from civilian life is a fair chance to resume our normal way of living in a democratic America based on equal rights and privileges of all free men.

India —T-4 SIEGFRIED ALTSCHER

Dear YANK:

We know the American soldier will never tolerate the existing policies of military caste to be carried over into civilian life. While the average soldier recognizes that some form of military hierarchy is necessary to achieve military goals, he still realizes that certain aspects of enforced disparity between officers and enlisted men are entirely incongruous in an Army of a democracy and he will shed few crocodile tears on the day he's no longer compelled to conform to rules of conduct and modes of recognition which he holds as degrading and unjust.

To suggest to the American soldier that officer caste will invade such a monumental field as postwar employment is to invite disunity, bitterness and disillusionment of a kind heretofore unknown. After the last war, when the people felt—and rightly so—that they had been betrayed, there followed a period of social unrest that saw the witch hunts, the bonus marches, race riots and prolonged industrial warfare. Should the proposed plans of the WMC become part of a national policy, the reaction of the people to such a discriminatory trend would cause the above-mentioned disasters to pale to insignificance.

Moreover, we would be announcing to a world which looks to America as the fortress opposing all medieval orders of prejudice and discrimination that we have abandoned our faith, and that in the future the free peoples of all nations must look elsewhere for their leadership.

India —Sgt. GROVER SALES Jr.*

*Also signed by 155 others.

■ The WMC has since done a certain amount of backtracking.

RHIP

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK T-5 Nebling stated that the man preceding him in the chocolate-bar ration line received nine almonds in his Hershey bar whereas he himself received only seven. We feel that we can clarify the situation by pointing out that through some gross and unpardonable error the other soldier undoubtedly received an officer's Hershey bar.

—Capt. FRANK L. KIRBY*

Baker Gen. Hosp., W. Va.

*Also signed by Lt. Andrew J. Lisman and Lt. Gerard M. Nordone.

Battle Stars

Dear YANK:

We are a group of reconverted combat men. We represent that group of Ground Forces men who, because of disabling wounds received at the front, were reclassified as Limited Assignment and placed into rear-echelon Air Forces jobs a few months ago.

No one is in a better position to see

"Hey, Sarge, your thirty days are up."

—Cpl. Tom Flannery

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how unfair and unjust these so-called battle participation stars are as a measure of combat points. We know of one man back here who has received credit for three stars without ever having left Naples. Once he got one because a forward group went into a participation zone and the whole outfit received credit. Once he was put on TD to an outfit in the area, never joined them at all, but still got the star. We know of dozens of men who got the latest Italian campaign stars merely by being on Special Orders. A number of us were in the Detachment of Patients at that time; the hospital staffs got stars, our old outfits got stars, but not us; we got Purple Hearts instead.

Although everyone with decent sensibilities and an understanding of the truth agrees that it is an unfair criterion for determining combat, nobody does anything about it. Are we stuck with this? They repeal bad constitutional amendments, don't they . . . ?

Italy —Pfc. HENRY J. BECKER*

*Also signed by five others.

A Home (With Furniture)

Dear YANK:

A short while ago there was a Congressman who was going to introduce a bill in Congress to pay all discharged service men and women $5,000. At that time I thought it was a far-fetched idea and did not approve of it, but I have changed my mind since then and here is the reason why.

I went home on furlough and looked up some of the old gang and here is what I found. Two of them were still in the Army, three of them had gotten medical discharges and six of them had never been in the service at all. Of the nine that were out of the Army, eight had their own homes (with furniture) and these homes were bought since the war started. Besides this, most of them were all paid off. All of them had good cars and a few bucks in the bank.

Now somebody is going to tell me that I have the GI Bill of Rights. OK, so I have—what is that going to get us? Homes, furniture and a few bucks in the bank? The only thing that the GI Bill is good for is fellows that had their education interrupted. The rest isn't worth the paper it is written on. And if these kids do go to school under it and then a bonus is voted later, the cost of their schooling will come out of their bonus.

I think that $5,000 is too much money but I do think that there should be some payment made to all fellows with more than one year of service. I will get $300 when I get out. OK, so I buy myself some new clothes at high prices and the $300 is shot. How about it, fellows? Don't you think that we should at least be in the running when it comes to a home (with furniture)?

Ft. Worth, Texas —T/Sgt. E. D. MILLER

Checkmate

Dear YANK:

In the hustle and bustle of war, discharges and reconversion, it is only to be expected, I suppose, that even the most important facts may get lost in the shuffle. My conscience prompts me to do my humble best to remedy a ghastly situation.

Gentlemen, I demand the immediate discharge from the Army of 8,000 expert chess players. Surely you cannot be so blind as not to know what is going on! An entire generation of youngsters is growing to maturity without benefit of any but the most mediocre chess instructions. They scarcely grasp the difference between the English Opening and the Queen's Gambit.

I warn you, gentlemen, unless these abominable conditions are immediately rectified, the country is heading toward mental stagnation, chaos and irrevocable ruin.

China —T-5 EUGENE V. GOLDSTEIN

Pan Mail

Dear YANK:

During all the time YANK has been in existence I believe that its great potential value has been wasted. It has been used mainly as a variety magazine to amuse Army personnel. That is all well and good, but where the Army's Orientation Program has been a miserable failure, YANK could have filled that gap. Most GIs are indifferent to or ignorant of current political, social and economic problems and many are reluctant to avail themselves of such knowledge.

YANK's circulation is probably the largest of any published literature among the American soldiers. For this reason, instead of printing silly poems, non-sensical stories, etc., I believe that YANK should print articles on American history, explain our form of government as compared to the British, Russian and former German types, explain Lend-Lease, problems of Reconversion, taxation, explain Social Security, explain the functions of UNRRA, OPA, WLB, etc.

Maybe these subjects sound dull and uninteresting, but these very thing are pressing our leaders at home every day. It is our duty, yes, duty, as citizens and soldiers to take an interest in all problems which affect us and our neighbors. The day is gone when we isolated our country from the rest of the world and our communities from the rest of the country. We must not continue to isolate our minds from the pressing questions of the day either.

—Cpl. EUGENE SACKS

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Cheerio from Mom

Dear YANK:

. . . It's been two or is it three years now since we first had American boys in this little town. They were not billeted here but just came in from camps to spend their free time.

Now you can guess there was plenty of speculation among the girls and plenty of cautioning from their mothers,

myself included, as I had two daughters just growing up, apart from two still at school.

Well, I thought things over and then I said to my eldest girls, "Now look, there will be a lot of these boys around for some time. They are thousands of miles from home, and what they will need most is a bit of company, or somewhere to sit and talk, so if you must get in company with some of them just bring them home for a cup of coffee and a talk instead of taking them off to the park."

I told them, "It's up to you English girls to keep these boys clean and straight and fit to go back and look the American girls in the face."

Well, I can honestly say my method worked. From the day the first American boy came in to town until now when they are on the eve of going back I can say I've had literally hundreds of these boys visit my home and not one of them has left an unpleasant memory.

True, some of them have imagined they were in love with one of the girls and there has been some amount of heartburning, but it has all come out right and no one any the worse for it.

We've had boys from almost every state in America and what a grand lot they've been and how they have appreciated the little bit of home we have been able to give them—somewhere to spend an evening instead of sitting in a public house, and somewhere to stay overnight on their day off. How they have loved sleeping in a proper bed just for one night in a week. Believe me, if I've been put to any trouble to do this for them it's been well worth it just to hear them say, "Gee, Mom, did I sleep? Boy, oh boy, what a bed."

And if they are grateful to us for what little we could do for them, well so are we grateful to them for their company and talks, giving us a much broader outlook on life and showing us in many ways how we can improve our way of living.

I'd like their mothers to know how much they have helped some of we English mothers. How they have fired us up with ambitions to have much better conditions in our homes. I'd like some of the first GIs to come back now and see the improvements I've made in my little home, and all because they would say to me, "Gee, Mom, you shouldn't have to sweat and work like you do. You should have a fireplace that don't need cleaning if you can't have central heating." This being only a small house the central heating was impossible but I did the next best thing and had an old iron fireplace (which took me a half hour every day to clean) taken away and a tiled one put in which takes just five minutes and is a joy to see.

Oh, I could go on forever telling you all sorts of little things they did like sharing their candy ration with the children and their tobacco with Pop, the way they would sometimes tie on an apron and make me sit still while they washed the dishes after a meal.

I'd like to send a letter to every state in America just to let the American mothers know we think they sent over a grand lot of boys and it's been a pleasure to know them. Some day I hope to save enough to visit America. I'd like to meet up with some of my boys, as I call them, although unfortunately I know some of them will never come back to America themselves.

Well, I guess I've written this rather crudely but anyway if any GI reads it, I want to say, "Cheerio, son, it's been grand to have you and come again if ever you can."

England —MOM CANTER

Indefinite Furloughs

Dear YANK:

Millions of service men have endured two, three, four or five years of Army routine and war. Naturally their chief concern is a speedy return to normal civilian life. However, as a victor's reward, they are told they must lay idle in Army camps another six to eighteen months.

The Army contends that they need a large force to occupy the conquered countries, to garrison our outposts and to maintain services of supply. There is a way to prevent mass unemployment, to satisfy the Army's needs and to separate eligible millions of service men in a matter of weeks. Here is the plan:

Indefinite furloughs — After physical examinations at their present bases all eligible men sign a statement waiving disability benefits and are sent home on indefinite furloughs from the armed forces. They will be on reserve and subject to recall in event of an emergency, until discharged. Discharge papers would be handled on a priority basis and would be mailed to the serviceman's local draft board.

Eligibility: All men having served one or more years in the armed forces.

—S/Sgt. CHARLES P. ALLEN

Geiger Field, Wash.

Strictly GI

Demobilization and Redeployment Policy. Following the occupation of Japan, the War Department announced an over-all policy for demobilization and redeployment. While the announcement was partly a summary of rules already adopted, some new regulations were also made public. One such provides that no enlisted man who, as of May 12, 1945, had a point score of 45 or more, or who was 34, 35 or 36 years old (with a minimum of one year of honorable service), should be sent overseas. The reason for this provision, the WD said, is to eliminate transportation to overseas theaters of men who would have less than a year to serve in the theater before becoming eligible for discharge.

Under this ruling, all enlisted personnel with 45 or more points as of last May 12 and all enlisted personnel 34 years old or older were ordered screened out of units and detachments scheduled for redeployment to the Pacific and also out of all units and detachments which might in the future be earmarked for redeployment to that theater. In addition, no EM who falls into these categories will be sent to the Pacific as a replacement or casual. However, men 34, 35 or 36 years old with less than one year of honorable service are still eligible for overseas service. Also, any man may be sent overseas if he volunteers or enlists.

Three exceptions — affecting only a few hundred men—were made to the new screening score of 45 points. These were in the cases of enlisted men in Civil Affairs units which were scheduled for early departure to the Pacific to assist in the vital task of instituting civil government in occupied territories, and enlisted men assigned to the Headquarters of the VII and XVIII Corps, both of which were scheduled for immediate departure at the time the announcement was made. Even in the cases of these exceptions, the WD ruled that no one who had 60 points or more or who was 37 years old or who was 34, 35 or 36 years old with a minimum of one year of honorable military service should be sent overseas.

The WD announced that a revised screening score for overseas service would be made public just as soon as the recomputation of points ordered by the WD as of Sept. 2, 1945, had been completed.

Under the demobilization and redeployment plan for enlisted men in effect as of Sept. 5, 1945, an enlisted man was eligible for discharge if:

1) He had 80 points or more under the Sept. 2 computation of points.

2) He was 38 years of age or older.

3) He was 35, 36 or 37 years of age and had a minimum of two years of honorable military service.

In the case of all overage discharges, commanders have the right to retain applicants for discharge for not more than 90 days after receipt of the discharge application.

The WD announcement pointed out that there are only three highly technical skills which are considered essential to the extent that enlisted men in those classifications must remain in the Army regardless of their point scores. They are: Orthopedic mechanic, transmitter attendant (fixed station), and electro-encephalographic specialist. There are only a small number of these in the entire Army. The list of critical skills, it was noted, was reduced to three from 19 after the acceptance of the Japanese surrender. The WD has ruled that even though an enlisted man has one of the three skills listed as critical, he cannot be held for more than six months after he becomes eligible for release under the point system.

Under demobilization and redeployment policies for enlisted women, a Wac is eligible for discharge if:

1) She has 41 or more points under the Sept. 2 computation of points.

2) She is 38 years of age or over.

3) She is 35, 36 or 37 years of age and has had a minimum of two years of honorable military service.

4) She is the wife of a member of the military forces who has been discharged.

No additional members of the Women's Army Corps are being sent overseas and WAC enlistments were discontinued in August.

The critical scores for discharge (80 and above for enlisted men, and 41 and above for enlisted women) will be lowered progressively and whenever necessary to keep the flow of discharges at the highest possible level, the WD announced.

As previously stated, the Army will continue to use both tactical and transport planes to the maximum extent in order to bring back from Europe and the Pacific those eligible for discharge. As soon as the pool of eligible high-point men starts running low, the critical score will again be reduced so that there will be no slackening of the demobilization movement.

Overseas theater commanders are authorized to return to the U. S. for temporary duty or furlough a limited number of enlisted men who, although not eligible for discharge, can be spared from overseas duty for a brief period. These men will be returned to their overseas assignments upon expiration of their temporary duty or furlough.

WAC Enlistments End. Enlistments in the Women's Army Corps were discontinued as of August 29, Col. Westray Battle Boyce, director of the corps, announced. Wacs are being demobilized on a proportionate basis with men in the Army, Col. Boyce said. Five WAC separation centers have been set up—at Fort Dix, N. J.; Camp Bragg, N. C.; Fort Sheridan, Ill.; Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and Camp Beale, Calif.

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Navy Notes

NAVY and Coast Guard demobilization got under way, following the announcement of a point system. Then the first separatees started grinding through the separator, the first howl went up from the snafued retainees, and the Navy revised its system to allow credit for overseas service.

Under the original system, announced on Aug. 15, no points were allowed for battle stars or more than one dependent and only active duty was counted, regardless of what kind of duty it was. Vice Adm. Randall Jacobs, Chief of Naval Personnel, explained that the Navy had to use a point system more simple than the Army's because its records were not in shape to provide immediate data on overseas service, battle stars and so forth. Adm. Jacobs pointed out that ships move about rapidly, their movements are secret even to BuPers, and transfers occur so often that it would be some time before the Bureau could award proper credit to all its personnel. He also revealed that only seven percent of the Navy has not served overseas.

The reaction among the men on ships in the front line who had hoped to rate something for their combat experience, sea duty and battle stars was a dismal wail.

Then, on Sept. 15, Secretary Forrestal announced that additional points would be given for service outside the U. S. in lieu of any immediate reduction in the critical scores. He said it would be impossible to apply to the Navy any fair formula giving point credits for combat engagements, as is done in the Army.

Forrestal pointed out that Army men generally remained with the units in which they began service and Army combat ribbons and stars provided a basis for computing credits, while, in the Navy, the basic unit is a ship and frequently the most hazardous duties were on ships which technically did not qualify for a combat decoration.

"If we were to give credit to men who were at Midway," the Secretary said, "we ought, by the same token, give credit to every armed-guard crew that made the Murmansk run."

Forrestal also said that the Navy had no intention of making special provision for the release of personnel whose schooling was interrupted by war service. This was in answer to suggestions in Congress that such a policy be adopted.

Here's where the men of the Navy stand as of this writing: ½ point is given for each year of age (nearest birthday); ½ point is given for each month of service on active duty since Sept. 1, 1939 (including service in the other armed branches or in the armed forces of the United Nations); 10 points for one, but no more than one, dependent (determined according to whether a dependency allowance existed prior to 2400 EWT, 15 August 1945); and ¼ point for each month of service outside the U. S. since Sept. 1, 1939.

The total score for discharge is 44 for enlisted men, 49 for officers, 29 for Waves, 35 for Wave officers, 44 for naval aviators, 60 for doctors (MC), 49 for Hospital-Corps officers (HC), and 35 for Navy nurses and women doctors. These scores will be lowered "whenever conditions permit."

There were 3,389,000 men and women in the Navy on Aug. 15 and the Navy proposes to discharge 2,839,000 in one year, leaving it with a force of 550,000. About 750,000 are immediately eligible for discharge, and Secretary Forrestal predicted that within six months, one out of every two men now in the Navy will be home.

Although the service credit carries back to the fall of 1939, relatively few men can get the maximum credit on this score, as the Navy's real expansion came after 1942. There were 125,282 men in the Navy in 1939; 160,997 in 1940; 284,427 in 1941; 640,570 in 1942; 1,741,750 in 1943; and 3,196,158 in 1944. Thus it would appear that a very real cut in the critical score will have to be made before the Navy can dig very deeply into that proposed 2,839,000 men.

The Coast Guard has already lowered its score to 40 for EM and 43 for officers, and will release 80 percent of its personnel in the next 10 months.

Applications for discharge submitted prior to Aug. 15, discharge by reason of hardship or dependency and directives covering discharge for pregnancy, marriage of Waves, EM on the retired list and for enlisted personnel over 42 years of age remain in effect.

Immediate discharge is also authorized, regardless of points, for Navy personnel who have been awarded the following medals: Medal of Honor, Navy Cross, Distinguished Service Cross (Army), Legion of Merit (if for combat), Silver Star Medal, and Distinguished Flying Cross (if for combat). This provision will release about 20,000 men.

The point system will affect the discharge of all inducted personnel of Class USN(SV), and Naval Reservists whose enlistments have expired, including USNR(SV). Fleet Reservists and other Reservists whose enlistments have not expired will be released to inactive duty. Extended enlistments will be terminated and those not serving in extended enlistment will be discharged for the convenience of the Government.

The following rates are not eligible for discharge until further notice: Classification, Shore Patrol, Punch Card Accounting Machine Operator and Transportation Specialists, Disbursing Storekeepers and Mailmen.

Those in hospitals or undergoing medical or dental treatment will not be eligible until completion of their hospitalization or treatment. Those in disciplinary status will be held until completion of the discipline, including probationary period.

Immediately after the point system was announced, personnel offices began computing the scores of all those in their command and orders for transfer of eligible personnel were sent to the various COs, along with instructions to release a specified percent of their personnel immediately. Among those eligible, preference is to be given to those who have been longest overseas, afloat or ashore. If the CO wishes to retain a man it must be for military necessity as distinguished from military convenience and for not more than 120 days. Meanwhile a replacement must be arranged for.

For those who have the points and yet do not want out, there are two choices: Either to submit an application for enlistment in the Regular Navy, in which case the man will be retained pending final action, or to arrange to be held for the 120 days as a military necessity by the CO, meanwhile writing a letter to the Chief of Naval Personnel requesting retention after this period. The CO is authorized to grant this request without prior reference to the Bureau.

To handle the 750,000 eligibles—and later the millions—the Navy is setting up staging areas at Pearl Harbor, Guam, Saipan, Leyte, Hollandia, Manila and Manus to serve in the first step of that last trip.

The second step will be the receiving station. These will be located at Boston; Portland, Me.; New York; Philadelphia; Norfolk; Charleston, S. C.; Key West; Miami; Galveston; Chicago; San Pedro; Bremerton; Seattle; San Francisco; San Diego; Shoemaker, Calif.; New Orleans; and Farragut, Idaho.

The final line forms at the Separation Centers. These will be located at Bainbridge, Md.; Boston; Camp Wallace, Texas; Charleston, S. C.; Great Lakes; Jacksonville; Lido Beach, L. I.; Los Angeles; Memphis; Minneapolis; New Orleans; Norfolk; Norman, Okla.; St. Louis; Sampson, N. Y.; San Francisco; Seattle, and Toledo.

Seventy-two hours after a sailor enters the Separation Center he comes out a Mister. These hours are said to be filled with friendly advice, good fellowship, movies, laughter, song and—of all things—courteous treatment.

Marine Point System. Since Aug. 15 the Marine Corps has been using the same point system as the Army, with a critical score of 85 necessary for discharge.

Gen. A. A. Vandegrift, Marine Corps Commandant, announced on Sept. 12 the lowering of that critical score to 70 and authorized the release of all Marines 35 years of age and older. These new provisions apply to all Marine Corps personnel, regardless of whethe[illegible] the U. S. or overseas. They [illegible] lars serving four-year enlistments [illegible] The critical score for members of [illegible] Women's Reserve remains at 25 points.

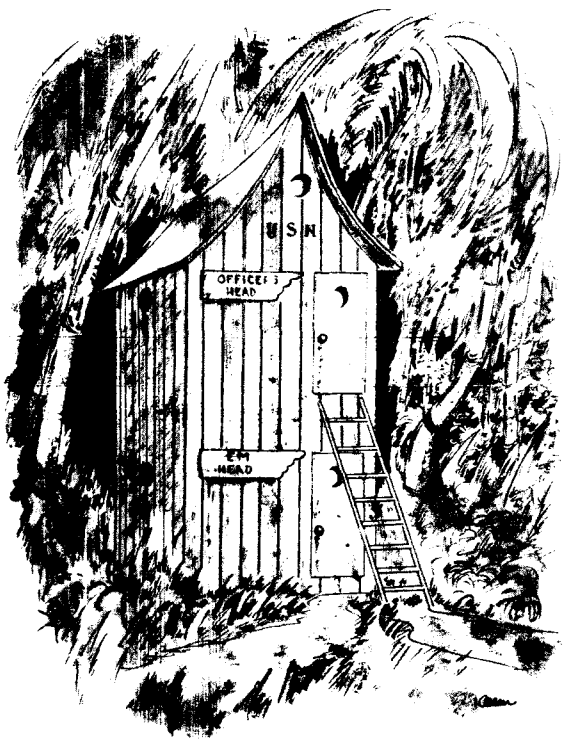
The Marine Corps credit system provides one point for each month of service and an additional point for each month overseas from Sept. 16, 1940, to Sept. 1, 1945; 5 points for each decoration and bronze star; and 12 points for each dependent child.

Scrambled Civvies. With the advent of VJ-Day the Navy announced that personnel within the United States could wear civilian clothes outside of working hours, while on leave or other off-duty status. Two days later Secretary Forrestal ruefully reported that the deal was off.

Seems the Navy thought everybody had old clothes and wouldn't have to buy new ones. Instead, the order produced a buying spree. So it's all off until the clothing industry says that the "supply can stand the shock."

The Secretary was asked if he didn't think the sailors who actually went out and bought new civilian clothes weren't going to be sore about not being able to wear them. The New York *Times* reported that the Secretary winced and did not reply.

Mr. Forrestal quoted Admiral Richard S. Edwards in explanation of the cancellation of the order: "It's far easier to make eggs into an omelet than an omelet into eggs."



Dick Allen Y1c

He Shall Have Music. Alan C. Wagner AMM3c of Garden City, N. Y., was an amateur pianist—the boogie-woogie kind. He was aboard the aircraft carrier *Bismarck Sea* when she was sunk last February off Iwo Jima and he was severely wounded.

Paralyzed below the waist, Wagner was brought back to St. Albans Naval Hospital, N. Y., where he is undergoing treatment preparatory to a series of operations that must be performed if he is to walk again.

A Garden City neighbor of Wagner's, Mrs. Tinker Connolly, visited him in the hospital and was impressed by the sad fact that, though his greatest desire was to beat out a bit of boogie, the piano didn't exist that he could get next to.

Mrs. Connolly's father, C. Brown Hyatt, is a consulting engineer and something of an inventor. "You can't invent anything that can make it possible for Alan to play," Mrs. Connolly told him challengingly, after explaining the wounded man's predicament.

"The hell I can't," said Mr. Hyatt, and went down into the basement.

The result was brought to Wagner six weeks later as he lay on his stomach getting his regular massage. It was a portable piano-keyboard with the full 88 keys and it could be propped at any angle and in any position on the bed. The keyboard was electrically attached by 88 wires to an upright piano on the floor of the ward. It worked.

Wagner's right hand had been partially useless, but under the stimulation of the music he found that he could use it almost as well as the left.

As the beneficial boogie rolled out of the ward, everybody was happy, most of all C. Brown Hyatt, engineer and occupational therapist.

—DONALD NUGENT Sp(X)3c

THIS is Esther Williams again, the girl who swims as well as she looks in a bathing suit. These days, however, she doesn't do so much swimming on account of she's busy becoming one of Hollywood's most popular stars. Esther is a big girl—5 feet 7—weighs 123, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Her latest picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is called "Easy to Wed."

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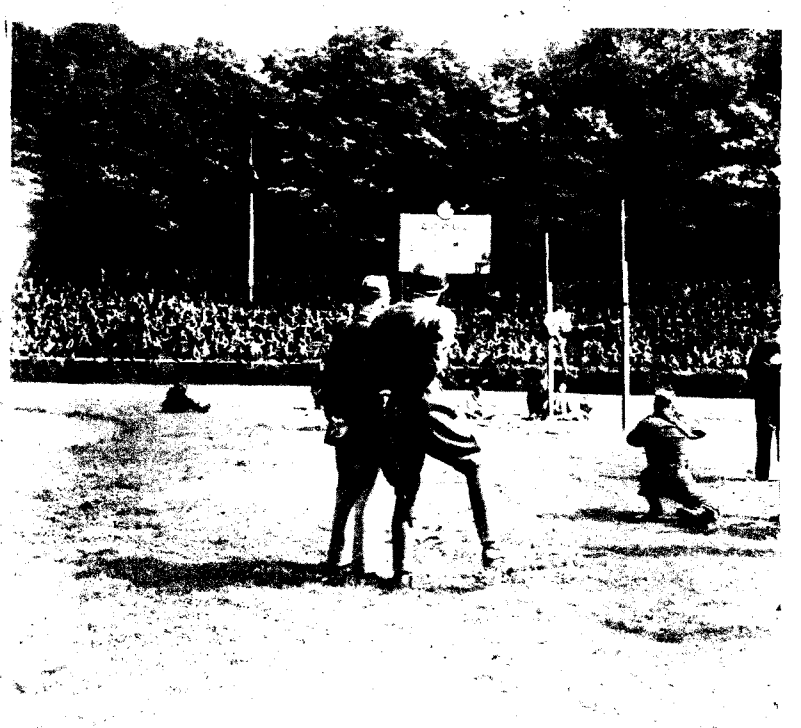
ETO-MTO Track Meet

Pfc. William Dillard winning the low hurdles in a walk. He won four races



Sgt. Pete White (right), trainer of MTO track team, talks it over with Joe Tossi, Italian discus thrower.

Gen. Patton, in jodhpurs, helps a high jumper.

By Sgt. **LEN ZINBERG**
YANK Staff Writer

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN—A GI trainer has to be an experienced trainer and "operator." Sgt. Pete White of New York City, trainer of the MTO Track Team, is both, and also has seen plenty of combat. Overseas 33 months, he put in five hard months at Anzio, not to mention hitting Salerno a few hours after the 36th Infantry Division made a beachhead.

"Salerno was pitiful," Pete said, standing in the center of the Victory Stadium here, where the MTOUSA-USFET track championships were being held in late August. "But that's all over now. I got 90 points stacked up and expect to be out soon. I was studying physical ed at North Carolina State before Uncle called me. When I get back into tweeds again, I'm going to finish my studying at Cornell, if I can take it under this GI-Bill-of-Rights deal."

It was a hot day and everybody was sweating, especially the ETO team. Pfc. William Dillard had already set a new service record in winning the 110-meter high hurdles, MTO's Lt. Gerald Karver had won the 1,500-meter run with a sensational finish, and the 100-meter dash was about to start. In one corner of the field the high jump was on, and at the other end of the stadium the boys were tossing the discus around. About 25,000 GIs were having a good time watching the events. Brass was everywhere. One-star generals were almost as plentiful as pfcs.

Pete said, "Dillard is a boy in a class by himself. Only 22. If he gets the right coaching, he'll be better than Jesse Owens. Army life hasn't hurt him much. There is a big difference in conditioning a man in civilian life and in the Army. First off, marching and drilling tighten a guy's legs, and that's bad for a track man. It's hard to get a man excused from details, and all that. Not like in college, where an athlete has everything he wants.

"That's where a GI trainer has to pull what strings he can—operate a bit. Same with transportation; it really takes an operator to get a couple of jeeps. Another bad thing about Army athletics—the competition isn't keen enough to bring out the best in a guy like Dillard. Food is another problem. Once an athlete's stomach is messed up, he's *finito*. Not that Army chow is bad, but there's no such thing as a training table. Of course, we came over here to win a war and not a race. I'm just explaining why the times in an overseas track meet don't compare with a college meet in the States. Just the same, this bunch stacks up with any college team in the States. We had three guys here put the shot over 51 feet. All ETO boys; we're weak as hell in field events."

In the 100-meter dash, Sgt. Mozel Ellerbee finished third. Pete walked toward him, saying, "Ellerbee is one of the great runners of all time, but he's old now. Track is no place to grow old in, unless you expect to be a coach. I'd like to coach a school team and manage a couple of fighters on the side. That's how I got with 5th Army Special Services. I took a couple of boxers from the 263d QM down to Naples in '43.

"Capt. John Sullivan asked me to go along with the 5th Army team to Algiers, as chief trainer. Easier to train a boxer than a runner. A boxer has one training routine, while you have to train a runner differently for each event. Trained some good boxers in Italy — Ezzard Charles of the 92d and Larry Cisneros, a machine-gunner with the 5th Army. I was with the Joe Louis troupe, too. Ever see Bob Berry of the 19th Engineers? He's in the States now. For my dough he'll be the next heavy champ."

White talked to Ellerbee about the 400-meter relay, while the 400-meter dash was on. ETO took 1st and 2d, cutting MTO's big point lead. Lanky S/Sgt. Peter Watkins of ETO took the high jump with 6 feet, 6 inches. M/Sgt. Lloyd Crable of MTO was third. He was trying to clear the bar at 6 feet, 2 inches, when some jerk yelled, "Get that watermelon, boy!" Crable's brown face

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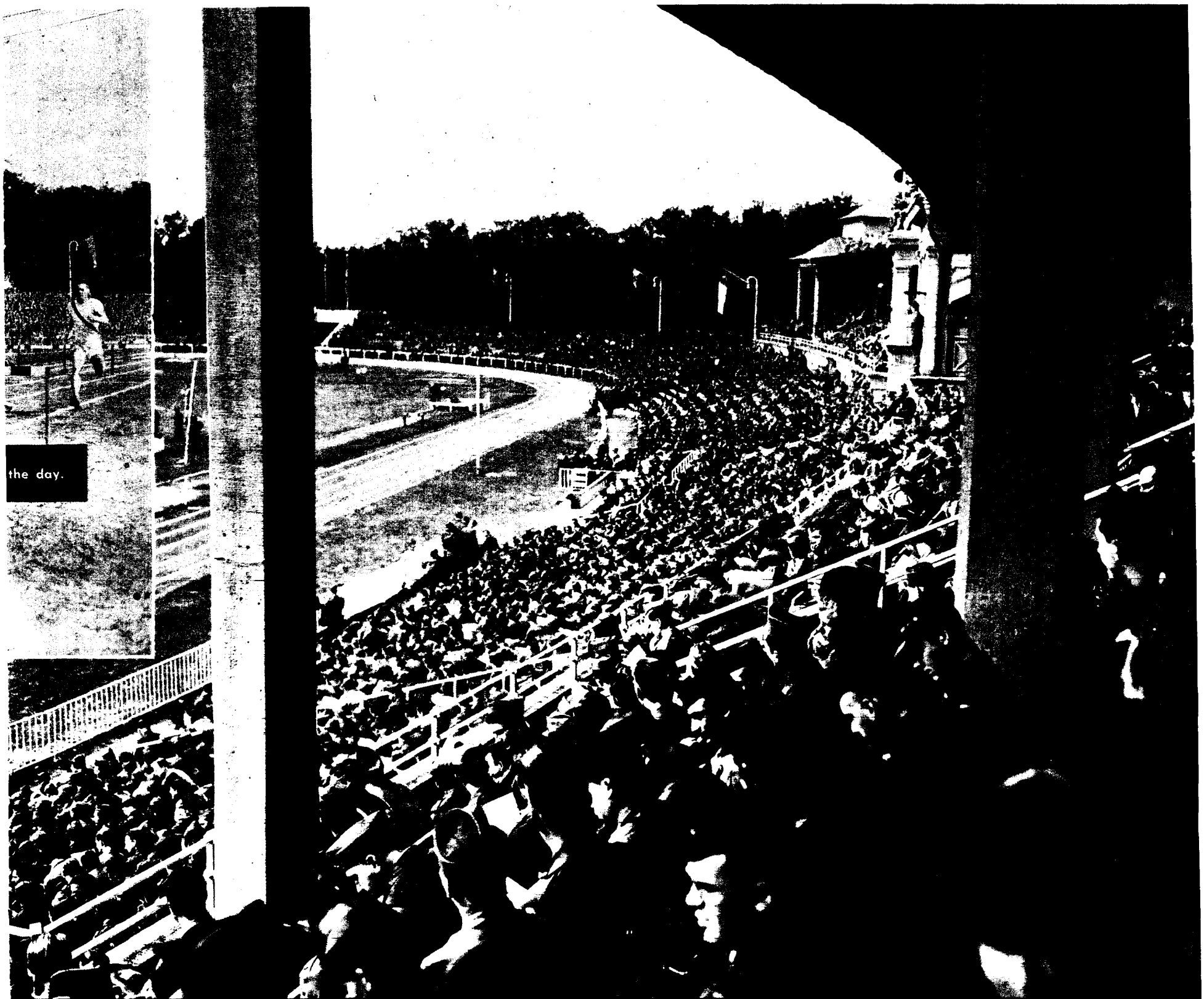

A view of the stands in the big stadium at Frankfurt-am-Main. It was estimated that some 25,000 GIs came to watch the track championships.

broke into a hurt smile, and that was about the end of his jumping for the afternoon.

MTO made a new record in winning the 400-meter relay, with Dillard running anchor. White came back to talk to me after ETO's T-5 Black had won the 3,000-meter run, beating the famous French runner, Bouali.

White said, "Lot of angles to track. ETO pulled a fast one on us—Bouali and Merine can't run the 3,000, they consider that a sprint. At 5,000 meters they would have won hands down, but ETO wanted it cut to 3,000. But we'll even things up in the discus. Nobody is going to beat Tossi of the Italian Army. Some name for a discus thrower—Tossi. He'll be a world's champ, soon as he learns to put more of his body behind the discus."

Dillard won the 200-meter dash, establishing another record. ETO took 2d and 3d. White shook his head. "We'll get plenty of firsts, but not enough seconds and thirds. That Dillard is a one-man team. If we had another guy like him—"

MTO won the 800-meter run, S/Sgt. Knowles taking 1st and Sgt. Davies, RAF, coming in 2d to give MTO three more points. White said, "Things are looking up a little. Good meet. Some stadium. Frankfurt sure was bombed to hell. Wonder how they missed this place?

"Nothing like track. My old man, Pete White Sr., was the 200-yard champ back in 1918. He's chairman of the AAU Track and Field Committee in New York. He's pounded track into my head ever since I was a kid. He helped found the Talem-Crescent A. C. in Harlem. Canada Lee and Ray Robinson came out of that club."

The 800-meter relay was on. In the final dash, MTO's James Tucker pulled a muscle. As Edwards of ETO was about to pass him, he turned his head and said something to Tucker, who then sprinted like hell, bum leg and all, to win and set a new service record. Pete ran over to Tucker, who was tossing on the ground in pain, and started to rub his swollen leg. Somebody asked Tucker what Edwards had said.

"Seemed he said, 'Goodbye,'" Tucker said.

"Talking to himself," White grinned.

ETO took the 1,600-meter relay, and then Dillard set another record as he won the 200-meter low hurdles in 23.6 seconds. White came over with his arm around Dillard. White said happily, "Won two-hundred bucks in side bets on you."

Dillard, who is a slender, soft-spoken kid, just smiled. White went back to help Tucker across the field. Dillard wasn't even breathing hard, although he had established four new service records.

Overseas 11 months, he wears the Combat Infantryman's Badge and took part in the push on Genoa, when the 370th Infantry marched 105 miles over rough, mountain terrain. Inspired by Jesse Owens, Dillard began to make a name for himself in high school and was an English major at Wallace-Baldwin College when the Army called him. He went from the Air Corps to study basic engineering at Hampton Institute, and when the ASTP program suddenly folded, Dillard found himself in the Infantry.

"I thought I was done as a runner," he said. "Infantry sort of takes the edge off an athlete. I started running again this June, and found I was in better condition than I expected. I hope to be in top shape when I return to the States. After the Army? Well, I want to return to Wallace-Baldwin. Some day I'd like to be an English teacher and a track coach. Of course that's all in the future."

White came over and said, "Come on, let's hit the showers. You won four medals this afternoon. You deserve a shower."

Dillard said in his soft voice, "After a while a fellow gets used to medals. Just something to put away and look at afterwards."

"Come on," White said, "take that shower. Big banquet tonight. Chow sure has been good here. Damn, if we only had more seconds and thirds. Still, we did okay, everything considered. That shotput and 3,000-meter run like to have killed us, though."

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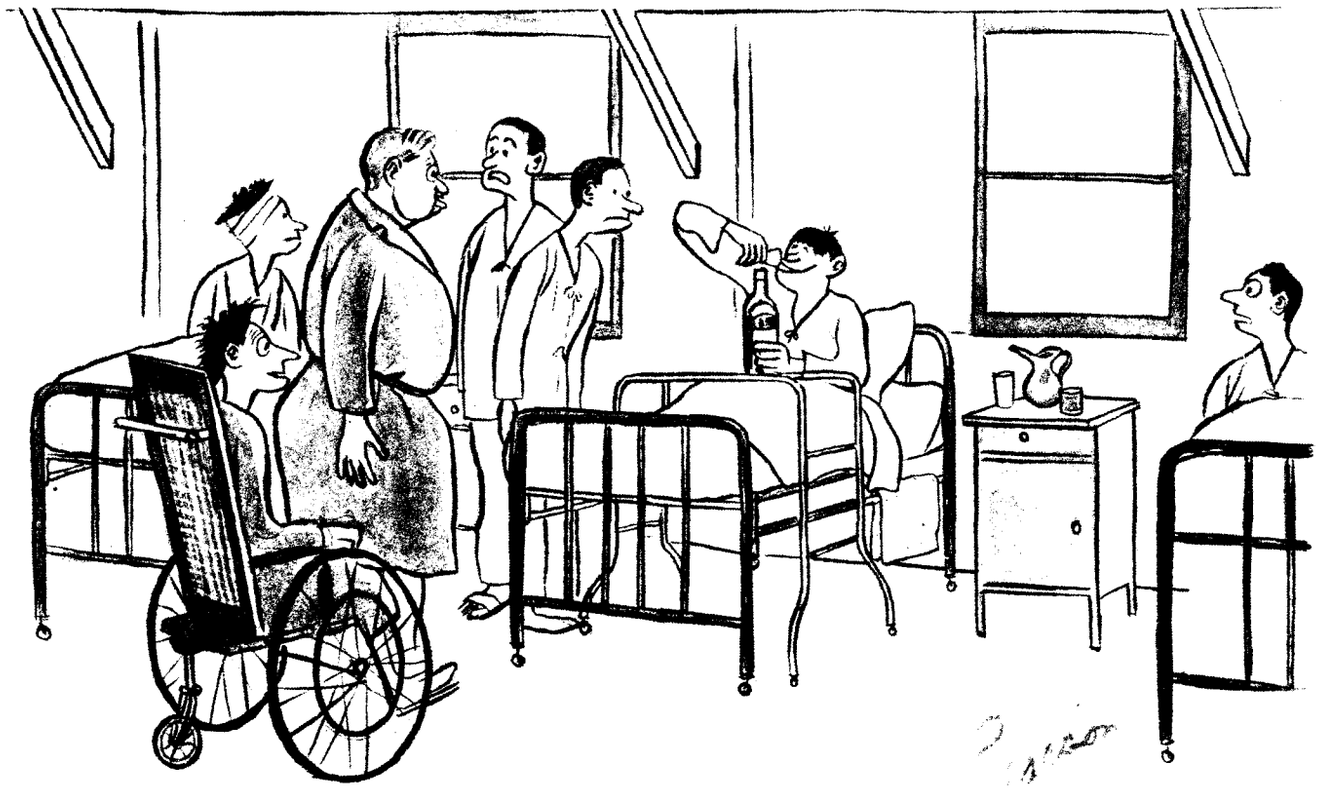

"IT'S SOME RARE PHILIPPINE DISEASE. ALL HE CAN DIGEST IS ALCOHOL."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson

YANK

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT SCHEDULE YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING, BUT HERE'S THE SET-UP FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

"THESE WILL MAKE A SWELL FLOOR FOR OUR TENT."
—Sgt. Ozzie St. George

"LOOK, YOU GUYS—A PONTIAC!" —Cpl. Frank R. Robinson

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